THE
Imperial Tragedy:

Taken out of a

LATIN PLAY,

And very much Altered:

By a Gentleman for his own Diverſion.

Who, on the Importunity of Friends, has conſented to have it Publiſhed; but without his Name: becauſe many do cenſure Plays, according to their Opinions of the Author.

LONDON:

Printed for *Will. Wells* and *Rob. Scott* at the Prince's-Armes in *Little Britain*, M.DC.LXIX.

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The Names.

Zeno Emperor of *Greece*.
Longinus, the Emperors Brother.
Old *Basiliscus* Ghost of the last Emperor.
Harmatius, *Zeno*'s General.
Young *Basiliscus* *Harmatius* Son, Collegue with *Zeno*.

The *Patriarck*
Pelagius
Sebastianus
Urbitius
Anastasius
Proclus
Phylargus
} Great Lords.

Castor, Lieutenant General.
Captains, 10.
Souldiers, 30.
Euphemian, an Astrologer.
Gazeus, an Orator.
Noble Mens Sons, 6.
Erastus, *Pelagius* Son.
Mars, the God of VVarr.
Musicians.
Dancers.
Spirits.

The Empress.
Eirene, Daughter to *Harmatius*.
Ladies.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

METhinks I hear some travel'd Gallant say,
When he was last at Rome, *he saw this Play:*
That Zeno *there was Acted; we confess,*
And hope that here he'l have as good success.
But we are pester'd with so many Wits,
And some like Madmen, have such judging fits,
That this great Tragedy they may condemn;
Though, in a humor, they have pardon'd them,
Who rob the French *and* Spanish *of their Bayes;*
And make a fashion of Translating Playes.
To own his pattern, th' Author's not asham'd,
That Model, which in Italy *was fram'd*
He has new Moulded, for our English *Stage;*
Hoping 'twill fit the temper of this Age:
And the learn'd Latin Author not offend,
For alt'ring, what he dares not think to mend.
Though boldly it be here transformed so,
That Author cannot his own Issue know:
Like crafty Beggers, when they Children steal,
Disguise them; lest they should their Thefts reveal.

THE

THE
Emperial Tragedy.

The Scene at *Conſtantinople.*

The Firſt Act. Scene I.

Aſtrea *appears in the Clouds, with Muſick: That done, the late ſlain Emperor, old* Baſiliſcus *his Ghoſt riſes from the Stage, with an Imperial Crown on his head.* *Two Tables are ſet, on each the Imperial Ornaments.*

Ghoſt. TO Heav'n, to Heav'n *Aſtrea*: vainly here
Thy Muſick ſounds, this is no time, nor place
For harmony! Hence fatal Monuments [*He overturns both the Tables.*
Of unauſpicious Empire! Hence ye ſad
Remembrances of my unproſperous ſtate.
I broke not through the dark diſmal *Chaos*
Of buried Night, to view theſe gaieties!
This viſit I unto my Empire make;
Where all thoſe various ſins, and miſchiefs raign,
That fancy ere could frame, nay greater too!
Than bloody *Nero* durſt attempt to do.
Longinus imitates him, and we know,
Great Tragedies muſt firſt be Acted here,
To raiſe *Longinus* to the Diadem!
I now bring ruine on my Rebels heads,
In favor of all Monarchs that ſurvive,
That no ſuch Traitors, may ere hope to thrive!
Let diſmal blackneſs now the Scene obſcure,
And empty Coffins round in order ſtand. [*The Scene is fill'd with empty Coffins.*
So, ſo, this ſight doth pleaſe me, and refreſh
Mine eyes; this is the uſual colour, theſe
Th'ornaments, which deck this Court, when *Ceſars*
Take their Crowns. Now *Zeno*, favorite of Hell,
Come fill theſe vacant lodgings of the Dead,

Let Racks and Halters, Poysons, Daggers be
Imploy'd, to perpetrate thy Tyranny.
I swear by *Acheron*, that ere the Sun
Shall once about the Worlds great circle run,
The bodies, by thy fury slaughter'd, shall
With equal numbers, fill these empty Tombs.
Now cruel *Zeno* come, and in disguise,
Thy Fate implore. I to the shades return. [*He descends.*

Enter Zeno *in disguise.*

Zeno. A Monarch, that unjustly gains his Crown,
May be allow'd to fear his tumbling down.
'Tis easier to climb a Precipice,
Than to stand firm, when at the top arriv'd!
Nor can we, from a private state, discern
The dazeling prospects, which a Throne presents!
Till, from that height, we do the World survay,
And find more Thorns than Roses in our way.
Heav'n has decreed, that ill got Crowns, and fears,
Should still be link'd together; fears, from which,
No walls of brass, nor Legions can defend.
This makes me now so watchful grown; from hence,
My fears do prompt me, under this disguise,
T'inquire my Dome; and in this house, here lives
A learned Priest, fam'd for Astrology:
I will consult his Art; For he, whom Heav'n
Will not favor; must try what Hell can do!
He cals] *Euphemian**; at whose Magick voice, the Ghosts, [**The Cell is discovered and* Euphemian *in it.*
With all the people of the silent world,
Do tremble! if either gold, or favor
Can thee move! raise up a Genius from Hells
Loweſt depths; a Page of *Hecates*;
Who may conduct me through the uncertain tracks,
And various tumults of my life to come.
Euphemian. Thou demand'st a boon of high concern! such, [*The Spirits pass ore the Stage.*
As th' *Eastern* Monarchs only have obtained!
Yet say, with what indowments wouldst thou have
Him stor'd? Does *Venus* sports delight thee? here's
The god of Lust, This Rapes, and Insests, and
All *Gomorrahs* horrid sins shall teach thee.
Wouldst thou with Pride, above the starrs be rais'd?
And trample on the heads of men, and Gods!
This, shall with high swoln thoughts thee elevate.
Wouldst thou into the flames of fury turn?
And worse than Lions, Bears, and Tigers rage?
And make thy Houshold Gods, in blood to swim!
This shall insence thee. Hero's Merchandize

Of

Of all sorts vendible; please thy fancy now.

Zeno. A greater Monster, than all these, I crave;
Thou hast but trivial things yet nam'd! all this,
A youth I did!

Euphem. How! what Prodigy art
Thou of Nature? what *Stygian* Sister gave
Thee birth? all this a Youth! stay, ile appease
Thy thirst. Th' Infernal *Jupiter* knows not
More Villanies, than this can prompt thee to!
Within the closset of his pregnant brest,
A thousand dif'rent Arts, for horrid deeds,
And bloody mischiefs dwell: 'twas he alone,
That tutor'd *Nero*, and fitted him to be,
The ruin of his Age, 'twas He!

Zeno. Enough; [*Offers to imbrace the Spirit.*
I will adore him as my God! and guide. [*Lays down a piece of gold.*
Now since the secret Fates of Mortals are
To thy deep Art reveal'd: tell me, what doth [*Gives him a paper.*
This Horoscope portend? whose native soil
And hour of birth, with other perquisites
Of Art, are here expres't? [Euphemian *shews some wonder at reading the paper.*
What is't that stops thy speech?

Euphem. Fear to relate, what I discern!

Zeno. Speak, or, by Heav'n, I will thy brains dissect,
And in them read, what thou intend'st to hide!

Euphem. Then look, and read thy fortune there. [*He points to a red glass in which is writ in white Letters.*

Zeno. What's this? [Zeno *reads*]
Buried before his death, with in a Tombe;
He shall vomit out his damn'd soul!
Oh Heavens!
Did ere your vengeance such a death contrive?
What, shall I; the worlds Chief, be thrown alive
Into a grave! alive, and seeing too!
Oh barbarous Fates! I swear by all the
Powers below, that, ere into Hell's Center
I descend, I will distroy the worlds whole
Fabrick! and bring the ancient Chaos back.
But of this fact, who shall the Author be? [Euphem. *points to the glass.*
[Zeno *reads*]
A creature of the Court, whose words and looks,
Much from his heart do vary.

Zeno. What's his Name?

Euphem. The Gods do not declare.

Zeno. How! not declare!
What should be smother'd, that they do reveal,
And what is fit to know, they do conceal.
But thou art sure, thou hast inspected right!
The Stars, and told me true, what they Decree.

Euphem. I have, and this is their Decree; time will
Evince the truth, of what I ſhew.
Zeno. But prethee tell me, what thy end ſhall be?
Euphem. In peace I ſhall expire.
Zeno. And me, the worlds Monarch! the Earth alive
Shall ſwallow; — The Stars are lyars, and ſo
Art thou; an Iron peace ſhall thee diſſolve,
Deceitful Juggler! take this ---- [*Stabs him.*
Euphem. O ſpare me *Caeſar*!
Help, help! I die.
Zeno. Go now and tell more lies in *Pluto*'s Court.

To him Enter Longinus *in diſguiſe, who draws his Dagger, and aſſaults* Zeno, *as he kills* Euphemian: *they ſtruggle, and talk thus*:

Longi. Hold Villain! Wilt thou murder an Old man?
Zeno. And a Young one too! that dares oppoſe me!
Longi. I dare oppoſe this wickedneſs, and thee!
Zeno. And Ile chaſtize thee for preſuming ſo!
Longi. It is beyond the power of thy weak arme.
They hold each others Dagger-hand, and ſtruggle while they ſpeak.
Zeno. It is *Longinus* voice!
Longi. *Caeſar*!
Zeno. Brother!
Longi. Was ever a miſtake, like this in us? [*Offers his Dagger and opens his armes.*
Here *Caeſar*, ſearch the bottom of my heart;
I would have ſav'd that man, as there you'l find!
No miſchief againſt *Caeſar* was deſign'd.
Zeno. I do believe't, our Intereſts are the ſame;
And this old Wizard did deſerve to die,
For daring on his Art, to grow ſo bold!
To ſhew, what never was by tongue foretold!
And then the man, and means he ſtill conceal'd,
By which I might eſcape! if now reveal'd!
Longi. Did he yet live! you might by wracks extort,
All that he knew of ſecrets in his Art,
But now, that opportunity is loſt.
Zeno. If Starrs can ſhew! and He had any skill!
A diſmal Fate, muſt his dire words fulfill.
Longi. Heaven avert all ſuch miſchief from your head.
Zeno. The day appears, and we muſt now retire,
I have a Council ſummon'd, that I may
Depoſe *Harmatius* Son, that haughty Boy!
And then place you my Brother on his Throne;
That our united hearts, and powers be one.

Longi. I'm *Cæsars* Vassal, and so much his friend!
To serve my Brother, is my highest end.
Exit Zeno. *Manet* Longinus.

Longi. Rise glorious Sun, and with thy brightest Rayes
Crown my blest temples, that the world may see,
How Fates approve of my Impiety!
While the Superstitious fool, gravely wise,
Goes on secure, in his upright designs;
Dreading nothing less, than a surprize,
Such! as, like a fierce whirlewind, will destroy
All, who shall dare oppose it, in its way.
Yet stay, the Council's summon'd, and when met,
Their Wisdoms may comply with *Zeno*'s will,
And so my wish fulfil. In private plac'd,
I shall their votes write down, 'tis fit to know
Who are my Friends, and who my Enemies.
The Boy remov'd; and I set on his Throne:
Half this great Empire then will be my own.
If *Zeno* keep his word, He will this day
Move my Election; then, Ile make my way. *Exit* Longinus.

The Scene shews Zeno *set in Council with* Basiliscus, Sebastianus, Hortensius, Proclus, Phylargus, Patriarck, Pelagius.

Zeno. Rise, rise, *Basiliscus*, and quit that seat:
Learn to pay the reverence that you owe;
Learn to lay by thy misbecoming pride,
Which that Imperial purple cannot hide.
Longi. Go on as you begin. [Longinus *unseen at a door.*
Zeno. What! do you stop? remove, and stand below. [Basiliscus *rises.*
My Lords you see how Empires are expos'd
To change; and by experience you well know
The toil, and care of Government, so great,
In this vast Empire, that my Age requires
Some help to ease the burthen of the Crown:
Such a Collegue, as when Fate shall remove
Me hence, may take the charge of it himself.
Harmatius merits mov'd me to bestow
The Scepter on his Son, but the fond Boy,
Puff'd up with pride, is grown so insolent,
And high; I can no longer suffer Him.
My Lords, when such a *Phaeton* doth guide
The Chariot of the Sun, what can you expect,
But Conflagrations, and Destruction?
Basilis. *Cæsar*, spare my Innocence, though not me.
Zeno. I do command you not to speak, reply not.
Basilis. Let my Cause be heard, and Offences prov'd.
Zeno. Your cause, and you are known sufficiently.

Basilis. No crimes, 'gainſt me, have ever been declar'd.
Zeno. Your arrogance, and pride, declare enough.
Take off his Robes, and Crown, which make him ſwell
So high! and put that black garment on him.
Learn to pray, and to Heaven lift thoſe hands,
Unfit for Scepters and ſuch great commands.
Longi. That Scepter, will my hand much better fit, [*Steps in unſeen.*
Thoſe Robes, and Crown, on me more graceful ſit! [*They take off*
Basilis. Do, take off theſe golden ſhackles from my arms, Baſiliſcus
And ſet me free from this gay ſlavery. *Robes.*
'Tis well, I am now eas'd of all my cares;
But *Cæſar* is not freed, from half his fears:
Theſe glittering glories, are not what they ſeem,
To the miſtaken world; who ne'r diſcern
How many ſorrows with few joys are mixt;
Or what grand troubles to the Crown are fixt.
When Fortune ſports her ſelf, with humane things,
Whom ſhe laſt rais'd, ſhe firſt to ruine brings.
Cæſar, thou mak'ſt me happy, 'gainſt my will;
But thy deſigns will raiſe thee trouble ſtill.
Zeno. Hold thy peſtiferous tongue, and get thee hence.
Basilis. I obey, and with joy depart from hence,
That I may ſo much neerer be to Heav'n! [*Exit.*
Zeno. My Lords, I now deſire your choice of him,
Whom you judge fitteſt to be my Collegue:
And if with equal ballance you do weigh
His merits, you'l find no pretence, no claim
So juſt, as the ſuppreſt *Longinus* hath,
To hold this Scepter, and to wear this Crown;
To eaſe my Age, and to adorn the Throne.
Horten. His generous mind, and cleareſt courage known,
His glories gain'd in Warr, and Triumphs paſt,
Do ſpeak him worthy of the Empires Rule;
Beſides his love to Juſtice, and his skill,
In the Arts of Peace, will indeer us all.
Sebaſt. And that which I of greateſt value deem,
His being Brother to the Emperor.
Proclus. Whom wiſe Nature has by birth made equal,
I think, with equal honor ſhould be great.
Phylarg. The nobleſt blood, grows ſtill more vigorous;
When call'd to higheſt place, and great commands;
But freezeth in the veins, when not imploy'd,
According to his Nature, and his Birth.
Long. unſeen. Ile ſet theſe friends in golden Characters. [*Writes in his*
Zeno. Now *Patriarck*, we expect your grave thoughts. *Tablets.*
Patriarck. Renown'd Monarch, ſee how the Chriſtian Ship,
Tos'd to and fro, doth doubtfully yet float
On the vaſt Ocean, while the *Northern* wind,

A powerful ruler of the Sea, doth raiſe
The ſwelling waves ſo high! as if he hop'd,
That liquid Element might quite put out
The fires of Heav'n. And now this tottering ſhip
Cleft with the fury of theſe boiſterous waves
Looks like a prey, to the devouring Sea;
Great ſtorms oppreſs us, force orecomes our Art;
I ſit at Helme, and ſtruggle what I can,
With this fierce Tempeſt, but want ſtrength t'oppoſe.
You *Caeſar*, while Heav'n bleſſes you with life,
Either alone, ſettle the doubtful State,
Of your diſtreſſed Empire, and give eaſe
To our long languiſhing, diſtracted minds;
Or if you needs muſt have a helper, chooſe.
Then a Man, whoſe unreproached courage,
And known virtue, may by his truth, and care,
The ruines of your tottering Crown repair.

Long. unſeen. Subtle old Prieſt, I ſhall provide for you.

Zeno. What ſtrange Enigma's! and what new Riddles
Do you tell? what ſtorms? what Tempeſts d'ye mean?
Am I then guilty of ſo great neglect
In Government? Let the wide World witneſs,
If ever Peace did in this Empire ſhine,
More proſperouſly than now, while I command!

Pelagius. Great Sir, how can you mention peace? when Warr
Does in the Bowels of your Empire rage:
Sir, theſe ſad times require an able Man,
Whoſe virtue may impartially diſpence
Juſtice to all; the Innocent protect,
Puniſh the Vicious, and reward the good.
Himſelf a pattern to the Court, and Peers,
Would cheriſh, hopes, and baniſh all our fears.
The Sun, and Stars, afford their influence
To all, but when a bloody Comet raigns,
What miſchief, doth it threaten to the World!
Take heed to whom you truſt the Scepter Sir;
'Tis virtue, and not blood, Makes Princes great.

Enter Longinus, *and with his Dagger aſſaults* Pelagius; *but is ſtay'd by* Hortenſius.

Longi. Peſtilent tongue! — Let my juſt fury looſe,
That I may ſend his venom'd ſoul to Hell.

Hortenſi. Sir, forbear, or you are loſt for ever.

Longi. Oh baſe ſlander! am I a bloody Comet?
Brother, I ask your Juſtice, 'gainſt this Man;
— What! do you delay to grant it? muſt I
Be ſilent? and ſo great affronts endure?

Till I can vent my Vengeance, bear it here! [*Exit in rage.*

Pelag. Sir, if you do ſuffer this bold aſſault,
Made now on me! and for counſels given,
Permit ſuch inſolent affronts, to paſs
Unpuniſh'd; your Sovereign power will vaniſh;
When the priviledge of this Board does fall,
You will in vain your Lords to Council call.

Zeno. And do you learn, grave Sir, better to rule
Your opprobrious tongue, (thus beyond excuſe!)
Perſons ſo much above you, to traduce.

Pelag. When ſuch emenſe deceit! gains love, and truſt;
'Bove faith, and truth, 'tis folly to be juſt.

Zeno. No *Solon*, nor *Ariſtippus*, ſhall here
Guide me, under the notion of a friend.
Speak now, do you, or do you not allow
My Brothers due Election to the Crown.

Pelag. When your Brothers temper ſhall deſerve it,
He ſhall have my Vote to ſit by *Caſar*.
Fury deſtroyes, and not preſerves the Crown.

Zeno. Is then my power ſo low? and my command
So ſlight? that ſuch a Muſhrum, dares withſtand
My will! He ſhall now Reign; by Hell I ſwear,
Though He were worſe, than all the Devils there.
If the Senate frown, I ſhall make them know,
That I, who Rule the World, will have it ſo.
Let them their Laws to private perſons teach,
And bow to us, who are above their reach.

Exit, angry. All follow him; but Patri. *and* Pelag. *ſtay.*

Pelag. So Lions in the *Lybian* Deſerts rage,
When robb'd of their young Whelps by men. Good God!
What wild commotions do our paſſions raiſe?
What ſtrange contagion, through th'infected world!
Will this unruly rage, now throw abroad?
What birth of Monſters, will each day produce?
What tumults ill affairs appear throughout
The Empire? while our ſtreets oreflow with blood.
'Tis not our Laws, but fury governs here;
Nor is the Senate, by their conſcience ſway'd,
Or if they were! they would not be obey'd.
Ambition Rules, and Force doth execute;
Virtue, and Modeſty, are baniſh'd hence.
What a prodigious proſpect doth appear,
To create miſchiefs, for our future fear?

Patri. I grant, that a quick ruine threatens all:
Gods angry fire, impriſon'd in the clouds,
Seems ready to break forth, to burn the world,
And ſhew, what Vengeance is from Heav'n due,
When ſtubborn Men their wickedneſs perſue.

Enter a Messenger.

Messeng. Fire, fire, fire, help *Pelagius* help, make haſt,
A ſtrong arm'd Troop, ſent by *Longinus*,
Hath fir'd your Country-houſe, and Corn i'th' fields;
The growing flames approach your neighbour woods,
And now, do threaten their deſtruction too.

Pelag. Great Ruler of the World! if thou beeſt pleas'd,
Let the devouring flames, do what they can;
I value not their rage, their power extends,
But to the ſpoil, of a few fading goods.
No fire, nor ſtorms, nor Tyrants threats, can reach
The treaſure, I have lock'd up here. My breſt
Contains a wealth, garded by ſuch defence,
That Men, nor Devils, cannot raviſh thence.

Patri. Bravely reſolv'd, a mind on Virtue fixt,
No ſtorms can diſcompoſe, no tempeſt ſhake;
Nor times deface a heart, ſo ſtrong as thine,
Rul'd by a ſoul ſo great, and ſo Divine! { *Exeunt.*

The Scene changes.

Enter the Princeſs Eirene, *with a Letter in her hand.* [*In her Chamber.*

Eirene. This Note, from *Anaſtaſius*, counſels well;
But how to act it, does my skill excel.
{*I muſt not* Zeno's *love ingage to hope,*
{*Nor yet give arguments for his diſpair!* } [*She reads.*
A hard task, for my youth, and innocence,
To juggle with an old Politician.
Who on the leaſt ſuſpition of our Love,
Will *Anaſtaſius* ſudden death contrive.
And then, what will become of me alone?
My Father abſent, and my Brother young;
None to protect me, 'gainſt a Tyrants will.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the Emperor deſires acceſs.
Eirene. I muſt meet him boldly, though much afraid,
My trembling joynts, may ſhew I am diſmay'd.

Enter Zeno.

Zeno. Madam, this ſecond viſit I now make,
After the repulſe you lately gave; ſhews,

How much my love, beyond my reason Rules,
By which you see, your power does mine subdue,
Who come to offer Homage unto you.

Eirene. Mighty Sir! I, your humblest Vassal, bows
Thus low, to beg your pardon for my fault,
If I, through ignorance, have done amiss.

Zeno. Rise *Eirene*, sit I should kneel, sit I,
Should beg forgiveness for a crime so great:
I shame to think, how far I did proveke
The beauty I admire! for, had you smil'd
On my design; or given me hope to gain,
What I then sought, and now as much disdain:
I had not valued, what I then did prize,
Beyond the moment of that enterprize.
But now I come as humbly to adore
A virtue, that I never understood before.

Eirene. Great Sir, while you speak this, my soul ascends
On every syllable: let fall, my ears
Ile check, my joyes shall dissipate my fears.
I will for my mistake high Heav'n assault
With frequent Prayers, to expiate my fault.

Zeno. Fairest of all your Sex, I who command
The *Eastern* world, do at your mercy stand:
Say, can you love so, that you will submit,
To wear a Crown, and on my Throne to sit?

Eirene. You make me start at this relaps, and doubt,
By some new stratagem, you do design,
My simple innocence to undermine.

Zeno. By your fair self, I swear, I have no thought
For you, but what in Heav'n, I may avow,
Suppose my Love's Empress, (now sick, should die;)
Shall your frowns then, give me like destiny?

Eirene. Oh Sir! forbear to speak, leave off to think,
That I will ere aspire to that high State:
When she is subject to so sad a Fate. [*She weeps.*

Zeno. Why these tears *Eirene*? what have I said?

Eirene. Enough t'amaze the world! the young Empress
Very well last night, is now sick to Death!
And I her Crown may wear! Her Throne ascend!
Thus you would dazle my simplicity
With thoughts, she dies in complement to me;
Which is a sin, so far beyond my reach,
So dismal to my thoughts; that I shall try,
Not to outlive the Empress, if she die. [*Exit.*

Zeno. I shall venture that, and if I cannot gain
Her heart: I have a way that will obtain
My end; and then let little people prate,
While Monarchs do transcending joyes create. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Urbitius.

Urbit. I cannot ſleep, nor be at peace within:
Duty, and Allegiance, bids me revenge
Baſiliſcus blood, our late Monarch, ſlain
By old *Harmatius*, to make *Zeno* Reign;
That his young Son might ſit Collegue Inthron'd
T'out face that murder, by his Father own'd.
A Treaſon! makes me tremble to relate:
A treachery! their bloods muſt expiate.
When Subjects Traitors to their Prince do prove;
Thoſe Rebels, other Subjects may remove:
As not oblig'd to them, becauſe they are
Inthron'd; rather deſpiſe, who boldly dare,
Scepters uſurpe; and then as Tyrants ſway,
Becauſe they find, we baſely do obey.
If *Anaſtatius* will be rul'd by me,
He ſhall poſſeſs th' Imperial Dignity.
His courage, and his conduct, cannot fail;
When wit, and virtue leads, we muſt prevail.
Yet Art, and Subtlety, ſhould firſt make way,
Leſt others Debts our ſelves be forc'd to pay.
So that if I in ſhew a Villain ſeem;
The good I do, my credit will redeem.
And if, by craft, I fail in my deſign;
My good old Sword, this work muſt then be thine. [*Exit.*

The Second Act.

The Scene, a black Room, and in it Longinus *in black, and a Muſician tuning his Lute at a diſtance.*

Long. WAs ever Prince ſubjected by his Slaves?
Like *Zeno*, by the *Patriarch* and his crew,
Who think they muſt be wiſe, becauſe they're old,
And valiant, becauſe their tongues are bold.
But if my project take; I ſhall, ere long,
Teach their grave-heads a little more diſcretion.
In jealous times, 'tis no ill policy,
To mingle terrors, with the peoples wiſhes,
That thoſe who hope, may ballance them that fear.
This Room, this habit, with my ſullen brow,
Sufficiently do ſhew, my diſcontent;

And may beget such rumors in the Town,
They will invite me to accept the Crown.
What strange noise doest thou make? and why so long?

Music. I tune my strings, Sir, that they may agree.

Longi. Pox of agreement, discords please me best;
Thy jarring strings, my fancy will erect,
And suite with the confusions, I design.

Music. Would you to sadness, or to mirth be mov'd?

Longi. Guess. [*He plays a merry tune.*
Hold, if thou would'st not have thy brains beat out.

Music. Pray Sir tell me, what you would have me play?

Longi. Doest thou not see my habit, and my looks?
Can thy shril strings turn scorching fire to Ice,
Which in my brest, like flaming *Aetna*, burns?
Or can they into trees, and stones put life?
As *Orpheus* did.

Music. Give me his Harpe, Ile do't.

Longi. 'Tis well reply'd; now make thy Lute send forth
Sounds, dismal as the work I have in hand;
As black, and bloody, as my troubled mind:
That with each touch, my heart may simpathize.

He playes a sad tune: Longinus *sits, and keeps time with his head and feet; and then sleeps while he sings.*

The SONG.

The Sun, and Starrs, with wholesome Rays,
All poison from the Earth expel:
But when Malignant Comets Raign;
Warr, Plague, and Famine break from Hell.

Enter Fortune *blinded, carrying in her hand a wheele of skie colour spotted with gold, to which is fastened on one side a gold Crown, and opposite to it an Ax; to the handle of the wheele is fastened a gold rod, which* Fortune *pulling by intervals, as she Dances, makes the wheele turn: To her enters a man dresst like* Longinus, *who dances with* Fortune, *she letting down her wheele, seems to offer him the Crown, which he catches at; but by a quick turn of the wheele, is presented with the Ax: Then enters another man dresst like* Anastatius, *who dances with them, and as often as he meets the first Man, bows low to him; but at last comes behind, and trips up his heels. Then* Fortune *presents the Crown to the last Man: and so all dance off severally.*

As Longinus *sleeps, his Tablets fall from his hand.*

Enter

Enter Anastatius *a Prayer-book in his hand.*

Anast. The Fox walks safely, when the Lion sleeps;
This may some secrets to my view impart:
Horror! my hand is frozen with the touch; [*Takes up the Tablets,*
Whoever reads what is now written here, *and looks in them.*
Will start, and tremble, though he know no fear.
He reads { Euphemians *prediction that* Zeno *shall be buried alive.* }
A cruel death, but worse his crimes deserve.
Reads { *A character of the Royal Parricide. He is a great Courtier, his face deceives his friends, In's Words he's just, but vile in his Actions.* }
If Heav'n for this great work, should point at me;
Ile flie to execute their just Decree.
Reads { *Those who are suspected, presently must die,* Euphemian *the Astrologer went first, the Orator* Gazeus *is to follow,* Harmatius next, *then* Pelagius *with* Anastatius, *and the rest.* }
O cruel Monster! what a Sea of blood
Dost thou design to swim through for a Crown?
Reads { Sebastian *and* Phylargus *to be taken into our Councils.* }
A pair of Villains, only fit for Hell.
Reads { Anastatius *a plain man, neither fear him, nor trust him, leave him for the last.* }
This Ile remember, there's your Notes again: [*Lays down the*
Thus forewarn'd; and by others harms, thus taught; *Tablets.*
Not to be active now, would be a fault.
Princes, 'tis you, that rouse my drousie thoughts,
To play a part, in this your bloody game;
That I with safety may your ruins see,
Who, only through contempt, do yet spare me.

Enter Urbitius.

Urbit. Why do you trust your self within these walls?
Anast. If I appear not, they will grow jealous.
Urbit. Does he sleep, or counterfeit? come farther.
Anast. He sleeps, and we are out of hearing now.
Urbit. You must be vigilant, and active too:
You want some Arts, which I could wish you learn.
Anast. Say of what nature, and by whom be taught?
Urbit. By me, and thus I will presume to teach.
You must fain Piety, to do this work;

By which, with little hazard, you may gain
Opinion firſt, and then the Crown obtain.
Honors gate to the ſubtle, opens wide;
When to the ſimple, entrance is deny'd.
With ſmoothed brows, your anger ſo diſguiſe,
As to imbrace him moſt, you moſt deſpiſe:
Your eyes with modeſty muſt ever ſhine;
Your looks moſt humble, and your words Divine.
Then laugh, when you do greateſt malice bear;
And when you d re do moſt, ſeem moſt to fear.
Your craft, like your deſign, muſt ſore ſo high,
That no man ſees your conquering Eagles flie.

Anaſt. *Urbitius* no, if Innocence, and Truth,
Will not obtain, what I deſign to do:
Let th'Empire fall, and all to ruine go.

Enter to them Gazeus, *and many Children in black.*

Anaſt. *Gazeus*, you come happily to help.
Gazeus. I come ſadly to ſhew a woful ſight;
What ſhall I firſt preſent? our private loſs,
Or the ſick Empires Common ſafety mourn?
Anaſt. The Common ſafety, is of moſt concern.
Gazeus. The heaps of ſlaughtered carcaſes, declare,
No man is ſafe, from *Caſars* murdering ſword.
Anaſt. How long will the ſlow Deity, ſuſpend
Juſt thunder, from theſe men, who will not mend?
Gazeus. Adjourn your wiſhes for a while, I come,
Boldly to tell *Longinus* to his face,
Theſe ſlaughters cry for vengeance on his head.
Anaſt. Where got you this, ſo brave, undaunted heart?
Gazeus. Whatever ſhall become of me, Ile do't.
Anaſt. If thou dar'ſt paint this Monſter to the life;
Go on great ſoul, and be victorious.
See where he ſits, alone; his empty houſe
Shews, that few dare approach him, but his guards.
You need not doubt acceſs: no Woolf denies
Free entrance to the Lamb he will devour.
I wiſh you well, but doubt ere you return,
Your Orphans may have a new cauſe to mourn.
I came to viſit him, but will retire,
Leſt he may think, that you and I conſpire. [*Exit with* Urbitius.
Gazeus. Cry Children, fill the Air with your laments.
Children. Mercy, Prince.
Gazeus. Louder yet.
Children. Mercy, Prince.
Longi. ſtarts. Is the Earth cleft, that Devils do aſcend?
What's the matter with all theſe black ſhadows?

Would

Would you ſpeak with me? Do I govern Hell?
You do miſtake. I have no power below:
My Throne cannot be yet erected there.
Until *Pelagius* feel the weight of this,
I have no claim to that Dominion.
Go Devils, go to your eternal night;
Doubt not, when I arrive; Ile do you right.
They ſtand. Oh ſtrange! my words are not regarded.

Children. Mercy, Prince.

Longi. The Whelps bark, hence Monſters, out.

Gazens. Here are no Monſters *Caſar*, but poor Orphans,
Robb'd of their Parents.

Children. Mercy, mercy, *Caſar*.

Longi. Silence theſe dreadful Brats, or cut their throats.
How comes it, that in Mourning they appear?

Gazens. Their Fathers are all ſlain.

Longi. How! by the Sword?

Gazens. Some hang'd, ſome poyſon'd, they had ſeveral ends.

Longi. Did they die juſtly?

Gazens. No, unjuſtly All.

Longi. Call you the Sentence of the Law unjuſt?
Muſt not the guilty ſuffer for their crimes?

Gazens. If ſo, then you, great Prince, condemn your ſelf;
For you are guilty of theſe cruel Murders.

Longi. Am I a Murderer? dull Sophiſter;
By all that's called Sacred, I ſwear thou lieſt.
This artifice ſhall deſtroy the Artiſt.
Souldiers, bind that wicked Villain *Gazens*.

Children. Mercy, Prince.

Longi. Flie like a whirlewind, baſtards, out Vipers.

Children. Good Heav'n, revenge our defamation. [*Exunt* Children.

Gazens. *Longinus*, moderate your fierce paſſion,
And learn to bridle your reſentments more:
Till this Empire be in better order,
Order your own boſome, and you're well.
Why will you leap headlong into Hell!
Why ſeek out ſins? why hunt for wickedneſs?
The ſpace, 'twixt life and death, is very ſhort;
No wicked man was ever happy long.
The peoples blood, which you have ſpilt, cries loud:
The Maids, and Widows of the Murthered too,
For vengeance call; take heed how you provoke
Juſt Heav'n, to hurl quick thunder at your breſt,
For your contempt, in daring to conteſt
Thoſe Laws, which are directed from above,

Longi. Great Orator! I know your Eloquence:
You can loud Thunder, and fierce Lightning ſend,
By way of admonition to your friend.

Ile return your kindneſs, in my own Coin,
Bring a bowl of high colour'd, noble Wine;
The Orator ſhall drink *Ambroſia*, [*They bring him a*
To refreſh his ſpirits, ſpent in diſcourſe. *bowl of Wine.*
Souldier, bring him an eaſie chair; ſit, Sir,
And down with your rich Liquor, down with it.

Gazeus. Pardon *Caſar.*

Longi. Drink it all off, or I will poure it down.

Gazeus. Muſt I drink poyſon in a golden cup?
Is this a juſt reward for Innocence?

Longi. A juſt puniſhment for a prating knave,
That boldly dares defame his Soveraign.
Doſt thou ſtop? drink it off, or with thy blood
Ile fill the bowl; and make thee drink that too.

Gazeus. Thoſe that truſt Tyrants, muſt periſh thus;
I drink Death ſwimming in this fatal bowl,
Which leads me to ſure Liberty and reſt.
Thou that defieſt Heaven, ſhalt drink Sulphur;
And be condemn'd unto Eternal flames. [*Drinks.*

Longi. Go now make Speeches unto *Lucifer*;
Throw the Dog on a dunghil, till he burſts.
[*Exeunt all but* Longinus.

Enter Zeno *to him.*

Oh vain hope! I dream't of Crowns and Scepters.

Zeno. My Brother, why, on this great day, ſo ſad?
How comes your Purple, overcaſt with black?

Longi. Black, not to be put off, till drench'd in blood.
Could *Pelagius* do this? Oh bitter rage!
Caſars only Brother, and the worlds Light,
Is a mean fellow grown, the jeſt o'th Court!
Sport of the Age! a prey to *Pelagius*,
Oh monſtrous! Do you ſee? do you look on?
Approve you this? while I die with anger.

Zeno. Be pacified, and keep your anger in,
He's ne're ſecure, that does provoke his Prince.
Doubt not my revenge, for that wound lies deep;
Ile not forget, nor ſhall my anger ſleep.

Longi. When ſhall he die? why ſo ſlow to puniſh?

Zeno. Hatred, allows us time to execute.

Longi. Let private men hate, Kings ſhould dart their Swords,
And their ſharpe Javelins at offenders throw,
The ſame moment, they preſume t'oppoſe.
Why do you Raign? what means the world's Scepter
In your hand, if ſtill ſubject unto fear?

Zeno. Great and numerous, are *Pelagius* guards,
Virtue, Innocence, profound Eloquence;
In the greateſt ſtorms, a Serene temper:
High in the Senates, and the peoples favor:

 Raſhly

Raſhly to remove this Pillar now,
Will ſure diſturb, and may deſtroy your hopes.

Longi. If he be now ſo formidable grown,
'Tis time he were diſpatch'd, leſt he grow on.
But if you do conſider well, you'l find
Whom the great men, or people do cry up,
Is not much worthy of our ſerious thoughts;
For Him, they alwayes in high place ador'd,
When falling, do not one good word afford.
The ſtately Cedar, ſtrutting on a hill,
Gives pleaſure, and delight, to every eye:
But when by ſtorms deſtroy'd, or elſe cut down,
We ſee it trampled on by every Clown.

Zeno. We will conſult again, ere it be long:
Eirene does expect me. [*Exit* Zeno.

Longi. *Zeno*, like men at leaſure, may make Love;
His Empire's ſettled, and his Crown ſticks faſt:
And yet if proud *Harmatius* be not check't,
He'l make my Brother ſmart for this neglect.
But I, who ſerve at large, am no body;
Muſt not be lazie in this buſie age:
While the Crown does hover ore my head,
To ſleep, or to be idle 's to be dead.
The Empreſs, I am told, is very ſick;
And if *Eirene* ſhould ſupply her place,
All my deſigns will turn to my diſgrace.
Harmatius and *Pelagius* muſt both die.
And then ſlie *Anaſtatius*, with the reſt.
Much muſt be done, ere I the Throne aſcend:
I have ſo many Irons hot at once,
I know not which to ſtrike, nor which may cool;
But muſt, as they within my reach do fall,
Boldly reſolve to ſtrike, and ruin all. [*Exit* Longinus.

Enter the Emperor, with Eirene: *their Servants ſtand off.*

Eirene. How ill your Actions with your Words agree;
While with ſuch gentleneſs you flatter me?
My Brothers Purple from his ſhoulders torn,
His Diadem on black *Longinus* head
Is plac'd; my Father from the Army call'd;
And I no doubt have ſome ſiniſter Doom:
That our whole Family, may at own puſh
Be tumbled down, and the great debt cancell'd.
—Is this the redompence, the high reward,
My Valiant Father ſo well merited:
When in the head of all his Legions,
He the late Tyrant ſlew, by your command,

And put his Scepter in your hand?

Zeno. You are too violent, in theſe exclaimes,
And do preſume too farr, to blow the flames
Of my pure love, into ſo great deſpair;
As may beget the miſchief which you fear.
All that is paſt, I can as yet recal,
And make the Ruine, on the Adviſers fall;
If your hard heart, will now at laſt conſent,
To be my Partner in the Government.

Eirene. The terror of *Longinus* bloody deeds,
My fear, and apprehenſion farr exceeds.
Now you your Brother, your Copartner make;
Mankind muſt tremble, and the Earth will ſhake,
Under the mighty weight of crimes ſo great;
As the ſole Empire only can compleat.
My faithful Father, and my Brother gone;
Who then has *Ceſar* to ſupport his Throne?

Zeno. If this advice be from *Eirenes* heart;
Ceſar would have no need of more ſupport.
I know *Longinus* nature, and his rage,
I know he is the terror of this age;
I know my life, and Empire is his aime;
And I know how to counter-play his game:
I therefore took him to me, on the Throne,
Safely to bring him to deſtruction.
Your Brother was remov'd, on this conſult,
Your Father was call'd home, as in diſgrace.
But come, He ſhall *Longinus* place ſupply;
Eirenes frown, ſhall be his Deſtiny.
If my fair Saint will let me ſacrifice
An Hecatomb of ſighs, to her bright eyes,
And not turn from me, with ſo ſtrange diſdain;
My life, and Empire, will unmov'd remain.

Eirene. Great Sir! what can your humbleſt vaſſal ſay?
How can I duty, and obedience pay,
Beyond my prayers to Heav'n, for your repoſe,
And for the Empreſs quick recovery?
Who languiſhes under an unknown grief,
In pains beyond relation, or belief. [*Weeps.*

Zeno. Madam, we muſt all die, and ſo muſt ſhe,
To my great grief, (if Heaven do ſo decree.)
Till time theſe arguments for tears remove,
I ſhall no more aſſault you, with my Love. [*Exit* Zeno.

Enter

Enter Anastatius.

Anast. How got you out of *Zeno*'s nets so soon?
Eirene. I talk'd him into frights, to free my self,
And sent him hence more laden with his cares,
Than Love; I saw his flatteries thrown out,
In hope to bring his wicked ends about.
But by you warn'd, of our approaching harms,
I was secur'd, from his Infernal charms.
Anast. Courage, gives luster to your Innocence;
And both shew virtue glorious through the world.
Madam, the Empress does congratulate
Your safety, as her own; and does advise,
You do avoid occasions for surprise:
She knows, against the Tyrants arts, no spell,
But patience, can prevail; you are yet safe:
And if the Army fail not, we shall try
The Fates decree, for a quick destiny.
Eirene. I shall attend the Empress, and there shew,
That I can suffer, and dare boldly die;
If you do not subvert this Tyranny.

Enter Basiliscus.

Welcome Brother, you wear a cheerful face,
As if not sensible of your disgrace.
Basilis. To frown for an affront, beyond the reach
Of my revenge; would teach the jealous Foe,
How to direct, and fix a second blow.
No, no, *Eirene*, though I wear no purple,
Yet I may tear the Crown from *Zeno*'s temples.
Our Father's on his March, he'l come to Court,
And take no notice yet, of my disgrace,
But wisely calms the tempest in his breast,
That he may *Zeno*, and *Longinus* feast
Ere long; and then in publick, will repeat
His last Victory, with the Foes retreat:
That done, He will demand my place i'th' State,
And take, what they will offer him too late.
Anast. Bravely resolv'd. But I must not be seen.
Longinus spies do carry *Argus* eyes,
And may soon frustrate your design, if I
Appear consulting with your Family:
But, if you want my help, I shall be near,
Till when, it is not prudence to appear.
Madam, unless you give me your commands,
Ile not Act yet, but be a looker on.

Eirene.

Eirene. 'Tis most unfit that you anticipate
The grand design, on my command; I know
My Father wants not skill to execute,
What he contrives for our security.
I only pray, that no more blood be spilt
By him, than what will wash off *Zeno*'s guilt.

[*Exeunt severally.*

The Third Act.

[*Trumpets afar off.*

Enter Zeno, Longinus, Sebastianus, *and Train.*

Sebast. *Cæsar*, the noise drawes nigher.
Zeno. Like armed Troops.
Sebast. They sound a charge.
Zeno. What can this alarum mean?
Sebast. Th'Imperial Standard marches in the Van.
Longi. A curse upon this Army, to revolt now.

Enter Urbitius.

Urbit. *Cæsar*, Arme.
Longi. May fatal Armes orewhelme thee.
Zeno. And why Arme?
Urbit. The Earth groans under men.
Longi. We'l make them groan,
Urbit. Great *Harmatius* in the front appears.
Zeno. I am amaz'd! what if his Son should meet him?
The injur'd, degraded *Basiliscus*.
How will just grief inflame the old mans soul?
Sure he will storm the City in his rage.
Longi. To stop him, we must use some stratagem.
Zeno. I, Brother. What!

Enter Anastatius.

Anast. *Cæsar*, the Troops approach.
Zeno. Owl, why doest thou screech so?
Anast. I hear the Trumpets plain.
Zeno. Peace, thou Infernal Screech Owl.
Anast. Pardon, *Cæsar*, I meant not to offend.
Zeno. How shall we divert these Rebels?
Urbit. Let that be my care.

Ile

I'le ſend this Army from the City walls,
And will as ſuddenly disband them too.
Harmatius ſhall in peace now come to Court,
And free from jealouſie himſelf inſnare.

Longi. By what device?

Urbit. 'Tis not yet ripe, nor have we time to talk:
Let my head be the forfeit if I fail.

Zeno. Go on, if Fortune crown thee with ſucceſs,
Half mine is thine: thou wilt deſerve no leſs.

All go off but Anaſtaſius *and* Urbitius.

Urbit. A proſp'rous gale attends on our deſigns.
Do you not mark, how theſe thick ſculs contrive
Our work; and haſten on their own deſtruction?

Anaſt. Yes, this great work has its ſucceſs from Heav'n.
Zeno dreads *Harmatius*, (that Son of *Mars*.)
His Brother an immortal grudge doth bear
To grave *Pelagius*; their Fates decreed:
The Brothers are reſolv'd, thoſe two ſhall bleed.
Will not the Senate, and the people love
Thoſe, who deſtroy theſe wicked Emperors?
And by ſo bold an Act, this Empire free
From farther bloodſhed, and from ſlavery.

Urbit. The Deſtinies deſign you to do it.

Anaſt. I, a poor Screech Owl, or a Buzard am!
In the two brave Brothers eſtimation.
Yet with the Vulture, I may change my vote,
And learn ſome tragick tunes, in hope to fright
Thoſe two inhumane Butchers, with my ſight.

Urbit. But tell us how *Harmatius* muſt be caught.

Anaſt. Briefly thus, I'le find out *Baſiliſcus*,
And in the ſordid pickle he is in,
Send him to his great Father in the Camp;
Where you, and I will be, to aggravate
The young Mans ſufferings, which muſt needs inrage
Harmatius, to reſolve a quick revenge;
Or by ſome private ſtratagem return,
The Cruel Princes treachery, with ſcorn.
Look, the Colours begin to move this way,
Haſt to congratulate his ſafe approach,
And till his Son comes, keep him in diſcourſe.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Harmatius *and Officers.*

Harmat. Souldiers, we muſt not ſack this Royal Town;
It is enough that we have reach'd the walls:
To carry in theſe Armes, our Laws forbid.
Let us thank Heav'n, for this our ſafe return,

After so many Victories obtain'd;
And not imbroil our Country in a Warr,
For private wrongs done to my Family.
Your love to me, and courages, I know;
Your very looks have gain'd what I desire;
My Enemies already are subdu'd;
None dares oppose, the Gates do open stand,
The City I command, and yet not I;
Victory follows, where your Eagles flie.

Enter Urbitius.

Urbit. Welcome great General, best of Souldiers,
Our *Eastern* Empires safety, and support,
May Heav'n propitious be to your intents.
This Armies glorious Actions, and your own,
By all the *East* are fear'd, as well as known.
Harmat. My Lord, no Courtship. Is all quiet here?
Urbit. No. Our old evils are reviv'd again,
Th'Imperial Brothers rather Rage than Reign;
Your Daughters honor's violently prest;
Your Son with scorn, and insolence thrown out;
Our great, and best men, murder'd ev'ry day:
And to increase this Fatal Tragedy,
The worthy Empress, must by poyson die.
'Tis in your will, and in your power alone,
To save this Empire from destruction.
Harmat. I have heard something of these ills you name.

Enter to them, Anastasius *and* Basiliscus *in ill Clothes.*

Harmat. Can this possibly be He? Oh my Son!
Basilis. Oh Father! [*They imbrace.*
Harmat. I am amaz'd! what alteration's this?
How came you in this sad condition, Son?
Anast. Oh the wheel of Fortune!
Harmat. What dares Fortune against me?
Anast. What ever horrid Envy dares attempt.
Harmat. Whence all this sadness? whence these meager looks,
And ragged mournings, dark as night it self?
Anast. 'Tis *Zeno*'s work: the Brute was then inrag'd,
Or he would not have sentenc'd him, unheard.
Basilis. In a full Council, without cause produc'd,
He did condemn, and pronounc'd me guilty,
Took off my Robes, and so degraded me.
Urbit. Oh Monstrous! so inrag'd against a youth.
Basilis. Then banish'd me from Court, and bid me wear
Poor Clothes, much finer for my quality.

The

The grief of this brought me to what you see,
My wrongs cry loud to you, Sir, for revenge:
In which my heart, and hand, shall active be.

Harmat. Unhappy Son! has *Zeno* broak his faith,
And dar'd to throw such high contempts on me?
Soldiers, to Armes, to Armes, bring fagots in,
We now will fire the Palace o're his head,
And make that faithless Monarch perish in't.
Ungrateful *Zeno*, to reward me thus!
What could this tender youth attempt 'gainst thee?

Anast. It was indeed a barbarous decree,
So to bereave us of a hopeful Prince.

Harmat. Though the Tyrant rage, thou my Son shalt Reign.
To Arms, while my inraged angers up:
We'l bring confusion on false *Zeno*'s head.
I'le make the Tyrant know, 'twas I alone
That with this Sword, did set him on his Throne;
And with this Arme come now to pull him down.
Castor, give orders out for an Assault:
We'l purge the Castle, and the Town with fire,
Till with the Tyrants blood, we quench the flames,
Leave no remembrance of them, but their Names.
But whither do I headlong cast my self?
My passion swells beyond all moderate bounds,
Down, down my heart, and calmly smother this
Affront; till I get *Zeno* in my power:
That men may see, I can subdue my self,
With the same courage which has conquer'd others.
Thus stay my fury, to preserve my friends,
Until some way for my revenge be found,
To separate the rotten from the sound.

Urbit. We do all know, your power upon your self,
Who can best judge, when passion reason rules.
The tumults in the soul cannot discern
High acts of Justice, from such mean revenge,
As great *Harmatius* ever scorn'd to own.
If by the force of Armes you do prevail,
How can your Friends from Enemies be known?
Shall the just and unjust have the same Fate?
Shall our Records to after ages tell,
That your Country by your last Conquest fell?
And in this noble Cities ruin hide,
All your past glories, and this Nations pride.

Harmat. You do confirm me, and I will consult
On my second thoughts, which you now advise.

Urbit. Why should we run the hazard of a fight,
When our work may be better done by smiles?
Cæsar wants no friends, nor guards about him;

The Palace ſtrong, the City too in Arms:
If you aſſault, they'l fight you.

Harmat. For a Tyrant?

Urbit. Their preſent fear will ſoon forget that Name,
And their concern forgive paſt injuries.
When they ſee our devouring Swords prevail;
Who knows what then to hope, or what to wiſh?
Thus, we by force compel them to oppoſe,
Who elſe would joyn, to throw the Tyrant out.

Anaſt. 'Tis moſt juſt, you ſhould have ſatisfaction.

Urbit. That we agree: But let us make ſure work.
Your Countries reſcue, and your Sons great wrongs,
And blood of Innocents, for vengeance cry:
But the way to't, is worthy our conſult.

Harmat. Give me your opinion, how I ſhall proceed.

Urbit. Diſſemble your reſentments; go to Court
As you were wont, unarm'd, only with ten
Of your beſt Captains. You have friends in Court,
To juſtifie what ever you attempt,
Men you can truſt, of power, and credit there.
Then let your Captains at the Court, preſent
A Military Dance, who when you ſtamp,
May kill the Tyrant; then of courſe you Rule.
Your Army ready, and your Party arm'd,
Who dares diſpute your title to the Crown?
Something like this may be contriv'd, and done.

Harmat. I ſhall in part now follow your advice;
I have it fuller than you yet deſign.
Caſtor, let all the Army be refreſh'd
In the next Villages; and there attend
The Trumpets ſound: I will remove to Court.
Send ten of my beſt Captains after me,
Men of try'd courage, and fidelity.
Baſiliſcus, you ſhall go along too;
Thou ſhalt lead up this Military dance,
And with thy Dagger there thy head advance:
If we can but throw this great Tyrant down;
Thine ſhall then be his Scepter, and his Crown.

All go off, but Anaſtaſius, Caſtor, *and Souldiers.*

Anaſt. Ye noble Sons of *Mars*, this Empires life,
On whoſe courage our Countries Liberty,
And happineſs, ſecurely does rely;
'Tis your triumphant troops preſerves us all.
No rewards can equal this your virtue,
No praiſes reach the honor you have wone,
All that my place or credit can procure,
I freely offer you. This gold, accept it,
As a ſmall teſtimony of my Love:

Caſtor,

Caſtor, pray ſee it be diſtributed.
I wiſh much happineſs, and mirth to all. [*Exit.*

Caſtor, and Sould. all } Long may brave *Anaſtaſius* Live and Rule.

Caſtor. 'Twere well, if we had ſuch an Emperor:
Such golden ſhowers are rare, in this our age! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Zeno, *and* Urbitius *in diſcourſe.*

Urbit. Sir, you ſhall find, what I relate, moſt true.
Zeno. My fear is over, now I live again
I do imbrace, and hug this ſubtle Plot:
Let the Rebellious Captains play, and dance;
And let *Harmatius* lead the Maſquerade.
That crafty, wiſe, victorious General;
Shall play his Maſter-piece, and in it fall.
I, on my Couch, will their ſpectator be,
To Judge their Revels, and pertake their ſport,
Until my Q. calls me to act my part;
Then ſtrike this Dagger through *Harmatius* heart.
Let all our guards be ready with their Arms,
Let the Nobility incompaſs me,
And let *Longinus*, his aſſiſtance give.
The Empires ſafety muſt not now rely
On me alone; one pillar cannot bear
So ſtrong an Enemy, invading it.
Urbit. In the art of Empire, *Caſar*'s the great Maſter;
To Rule by Virtue, Riches, and by Armes,
Shews, that your Counſels move by powerful charms.

Enter Sebaſtianus.

Sebaſt. Sir, *Harmatius* begs leave to kiſs your hand;
Longinus ſayes, He's ready to fall on;
And that your ſtout old Guards, highly inrag'd,
Denounce quick ruin to your Enemies.
Zeno. If all be ord'red, let *Harmatius* come.

Enter Longinus *with the Guards.*

Longi. Behold the Souldiers are already Arm'd.
Zeno. Brother, I ſee your friendſhip, and your faith.
Your Souldiers, now ſo loyal to their Prince,
Muſt not appear, until the Dance be done.
I'le give the ſign, then ſuddenly ruſh in,
And carry off *Harmatius*, with the reſt.
Take care the Palace Gates be well ſecur'd.
Longi. All ſhall be ſafe, and done, as you could wiſh.

Zeno. 'Tis well, now we are ſo ripe for action,
In his own ſtratagem, we'l take the Traitor.
My anger, and revenge, ſhall then flie out,
To ſhew the world, how dangerous it is
Thus to awake the Deſtiny of Monarchs.
But now no more; with ſmooth and gentle looks,
I muſt imbrace this Monſter; here he comes.

Enter Harmatius, *and Officers.*

Zeno. I bleſs Heav'n, that *Harmatius* is return'd,
By whoſe Illuſtrious actions! *Zeno* lives.
Longi. aſide. How rarely he does act the Hypocrite?
Zeno. Welcome to Court, welcome much more to me:
After ſo many Victories obtain'd;
'Tis time brave Man, to dedicate your Sword
To Peace, and in your Prince's boſome reſt.
Harmat. Great Sir, our Eagles with your fortune flew,
And all our Victories we owe to you.
Thoſe Neighbours, who ſo boldly did intrude,
By *Zeno*'s Name, and Arms, are now ſubdu'd.
And Sir, your Troops do in their quarters ſtand,
Ready to march, where *Caſar* ſhall command.
Zeno. Now let our Boſoms, and our Hearts imbrace:
And place this Lawrel, on *Harmatius* head; [*Put on him a Garland.*
Which only He of me has merited.
Urbit. Were ever crafty Foxes better match'd?
Longi. See, Brother, where the God of War appears.
Zeno. *Harmatius*, I reſerv'd your place next me.
[*They all ſit.*

Enter Mars *drawn in a Chariot: by him the Maſquers ſleeping.*

Zeno. What ſad Solemnity does *Mars* preſent?
Mars. I come, great *Ceſar*, to implore your aid.
You ſee, how ſad, and dull my Chariot looks:
An high oppreſſing grief, has conquer'd *Mars*.
I ſpy'd theſe Champions, on the *Thracian* fields,
Whom neither voice, nor Trumpet ſound could wake:
I then their Fate of *Phabus* did inquire.
Who ſaid, they were by a *Circean* Charme
So bound, that by no means they could be wak'd,
Till they by the beſt Captains Sword were touch'd:
Then ſhould they ſoon unfold the Fates Decree.
By you, the great Commander of the world,
This Charm can only be diſſolv'd; your Sword
Can only bring theſe Warriers unto life.

Zeno. Great Souldier, draw your Sword; this mighty work [*Speaks to*
Belongs to you, by you theſe Captains muſt be freed. [Harmat.
Harmat. Your pardon, *Cæſar*, for in your preſence
My Power determines. Only *Cæſars* hand
Can free theſe Captives from their ſleepy Charm.
Mars. I'le equally decide this great conteſt:
Harmatius Sword will do't, in *Cæſar*'s hand.
Harmat. *Cæſar* commands *Harmatius*, and his Sword. [*Delivers it*
[Zeno *with* Harmatius *Sword touches* *to* Zeno.
the ſleeping Captains, they wake.
Zeno. Thus I diſſolve the dull Charm. Souldiers, wake.
Mars. Hark, how the Trumpets ſummon you to Arms!
Good day to the Heroick Sons of *Mars*:
Your dead ſleep's over, thanks to th'Emperor;
The ſole procurer of your happineſs.
Firſt Capt. Great Emperor, while *Mars*'s Planet ſhines,
His Progeny ſhall honor, and ſerve you.
Mars. Now preſent *Cæſar* with a warlike Dance.
Mars *leading, they dance two by two, and deliver their Swords to* Mars, *who gives them into the Scene: At the end of the Dance, they draw their Daggers, and deliver them to* Mars. *Then* Longinus *whiſpers to* Zeno.
Longi. To Arms: The buſineſs, and the time requires't.
Zeno. Souldiers, to Arms, your Emperor's betray'd;
Firſt ſeaſe *Harmatius*, then his fellow Traitors,
Load them with Irons, till they cannot move.
Harmat. *Cæſar* will hear me ſpeak, ere He condemn.
Zeno. *Cæſar* a dreadful Name will prove to thee.
Harmat. I vow by Heav'n, that I am innocent.
Zeno. Take hence the Traitor, we do know enough.
Longi. *Harmatius* plotted to take *Zeno*'s life.
Harmat. I know no guilt.
Longi. Guilty of the higheſt Treaſon.
Zeno. *Urbitius*, diſcover what you know.
Urbit. Oh thou great Ruler of the World! who ſeeſt
The hidden ſecrets of the Subtleſt hearts,
And wilt revenge the perjuries of men;
Let Thunder ſtrike me dead, if I ſpeak falſe!
Harmatius, much inrag'd for his diſgrace,
And his Son's being degraded from the Throne,
Did, by this Martial Dance, plot *Cæſar*'s death,
And order'd *Baſiliſcus* to ſtrike firſt.
Longi. Now, mighty Souldier, plead your Innocence,
Equivocate, and ſwear you are not guilty.
Treaſon's no Crime, in your Heroick heart.
Harmat. *Cæſar*, I now diſcern this Plot is yours;
You ſent your inſtrument, this fawning Dog
Urbitius, to diſſuade me from revenge,

In the Noble way, I did design it;
Leſt I ſhould ſpill the blood of Innocents,
Which, by my Sword, might fall with Murtherers.
'Twas he, not I, that did contrive this Plot,
By your advice; who now condemn me for't.
Here, here, I offer up my naked breſt:
Let out my ſoul. For my inraged heart,
Contemns the little time I have to live.
I ſcorn to beg a life that's thus betray'd;
Yet bluſh to be ſo Childiſhly deſtroy'd.
After ſuch dangers and ſuch Battles won;
To place ſo great a Devil on the Throne!
My Son, 'tis nobler much, to die with me,
Than to live longer here, with Infamy.

Baſiliſ. Living, I made your Actions my Examples;
And boldly, now in Death, I'le follow you.

Harmat. Thou art my Son, I ſee, that canſt prefer
Thy honour 'bove thy life; to die with me;
Who boldly ſlew one Tyrant in the field,
And to this Tyrant do diſdain to yield.

Zeno. Lead them all off to Execution. [*Exeunt Priſoners.*

Longi. Captain, make haſt, let one Ax ſerve them all.

Zeno. That peſtilent tongue does much diſturb me.

Longi. A few minutes will eaſe you of that pain.

Zeno. 'Tis well; and ſo am I, for now I live.
Sebaſtian, publiſh you *Harmatius* Plot:
Let ſome cajole the credulous people,
Who ever joyn with thoſe, that firſt complain.
Urbitius, take the gold that lies within;
With that, and all your art, appeaſe the Souldiers,
Who for their General's Death will be inrag'd:
Bid them be Loyal to the Crown, and Me,
I will reward their beſt fidelity.

Urbit. I ſhall looſe no time to ſerve my Royal Maſter. [*Exit* Urbit.

Zeno. Brother, you ſhall with me aſcend the Throne;
That, when I die, you then may Rule alone:
But we muſt firſt remove *Pelagius*.

Longi. That I'le ſoon do, I have a trick for him.
He has forſaken Chriſt, and worſhips *Jove*:
There ſhall be Witneſſes to prove it true;
Though he be no more guilty of't, than you.

Zeno. But will it look like truth, as you propoſe't?

Longi. Leave that to me, it is my great concern.

Zeno. If your deſign ſucceeds, the Villain dies.
Be ſure you truſt ſafe Agents, and diſpatch.

Longi. Oh! the Deſtruction of my Enemy,
Shall neither want diſpatch, nor vigilance. [*Exeunt.*

The

The Fourth Act.

Enter Empreſs, Patriarck, Anaſtaſius, Urbitius, *and Doctor.*

Empreſs. I Have already done, what does become
A wife, by ſuch addreſſes, as did ſhew
His ſafety was indanger'd by his crimes;
And my concern for him expreſt ſo high!
That he was ſtartled at the tears I ſhed,
And ſeem'd, as if he were admoniſhed.
Patriarck. Madam, the zeal, and duty you have pay'd,
Does more inrage, than mitigate a man,
That Warrs with Heav'n: 'Tis treaſure that we want:
And only you can that ſupply; to win
The diſcontented Army, to protect
Your life, the Empire, and our Nation ſave;
Ere *Zeno*, all into confuſion turn.
Empreſs. Does our Religion wives impower to force
Their Husbands will? Though *Zeno*'s ſins cry loud,
Can I his Scepter ſway? Shall I controul,
What Heav'n alone to Monarchs doth allow?
Such a preſumption, may create in me,
A greater crime, than *Zeno* can commit.
Religion bids me, to my Fate ſubmit.
Urbit. Religion binds your Majeſty, and us,
To ſave our ſelves, and our poſterity,
From ravening Woolves, that do the world annoy;
And ſuch as will, in time, mankind deſtroy.
Anaſt. We do not invite your Majeſty
To act with us; but to impart a Loan
Of ſo much money, for the publick good,
As may ſtop the effuſion of more blood.
If our deſigns go higher, than to ſet
You free from Death, and all from ſlavery;
Then let the Evil, which your Virtue dreads,
With all its weight, be lay'd upon our heads.
Patriarck. I am no man of blood, 'tis Piety
To wiſh, that our great Monarch may,
As Heav'n directs, his Royal Scepter ſway.
Empreſs. My Lords, what you allege concerning me,
Urges my ſafety by Impiety.
If Heav'n have, by a Tyrants will, decreed
That I muſt die; I am content to bleed.

Patriarch. 'Tis a kind of ſelf-ſlaughter to comply
With Murderers; not Heaven's will ſo to die.
Now you are warn'd, and may your death prevent;
Your yielding weds his crime, by your conſent.

Empreſs. I value not my Treaſure,, nor my Fate,
Above your lives, and ſafety of the State,
But doubt the event of what you ſafety call;
And fear leſt *Zeno*, by my money fall.
Do but ſecure that doubt, and all I have
Shall be at your command: For I dare truſt
Your Honours, that your Actions will be juſt.
While I, who cannot judge ſo great affairs,
Will guard my Innocence, with timely prayers.

Doctor. Madam, you will do well, to fain ſome pain,
Leſt *Zeno* find his poyſon does not work;
And ſo grow jealous of my ſubtlety;
Who do perſwade him 't works inviſibly.

Empreſs. 'Tis hard to counterfeit to ſave my life;
It looks ſo like a crime, to own a lie;
My bluſhes will diſcover't though I die. [*Exeunt.*

[Urbitius, *and* Anaſtaſius *ſtay.*

Urbit. 'Tis ſtrange how Fortune favors our deſign!
I carry *Zeno*'s money to the Camp,
And, in your Name, beſtow his Donative.
Now ſay, what Oratory I muſt uſe.

Anaſt. Go, and be proſp'rous; ſay *Harmatius* fell
By the Emperial Brothers treachery;
Who envying his great Actions, inſtead
Of recompenſe for all his ſervices,
Deſtroy'd him, and his Son; and do intend
Speedily to reduce their Legions too,
For the ſame cauſe they ſlew their General.
Incenſe them all you can, inrage their Spirits,
And by theſe Arts, invite them to revenge.
Then profer all my fortune, with my life,
To juſtifie their General and them.

Urbit. I ſoon ſhall have diſpatch'd all theſe commands.
Make haſt to be elected by the Army.

Anaſt. Go: when *Pelagius* comes, Ile follow you,
And bring with me, another ſhower of gold;
To quicken their reſolves, and fix them more. [*Exit.* Urbit.
Did ever gale blow proſperous like this,
In midſt of ſuch great ſtorms, to convey me
Thus to my with'd Port? —— Is this Fortunes work?
Or my own act, begotten in my ſoul?
Th' effect of that bright ſpark of living Air;
That ſets bold men, to ſtruggle with their Fate,
And ſo, do our own Deſtinies create!

Thus

Thus I'le go on, and raiſe my vulgar earth
Unto the skies: there like the Sun I'le ſhine,
And Rule the World below. I have been here
Tramp'led upon, by Men as meanly born,
Tyrants, who let none live, but thoſe they ſcorn. [*Exit.*

Enter Caſtor *and Souldiers at one door,* Urbitius *at the other.*

Caſtor. *Urbitius!*
Urbit. Oh, the plague of Tyranny!
Caſtor. Why againſt Tyranny do you exclaim?
Urbit. Can Princes thirſt for their beſt ſervants blood?
Caſtor. By Heav'n you rack me: What ſad news d'ye bring?
Urbit. It is too big to utter all at once.
Caſtor. Pray let us know it. If we muſt grief ſuſtain
This expectation, is the greater pain.
Urbit. *Harmatius!*
Caſtor. How I ſhake! What of *Harmatius?*
Urbit. He, by the cruel Brothers put to death.
Caſtor. *Harmatius!* the terrour of the *Eaſt!*
Our General ſlain, for Conquering *Caſar*'s Foes!
Sure ſuch ingratitude was never known,
To one, that plac'd a *Caſar* on his Throne.
Urbit. 'Tis ſo, he knew no crime, but ſerving him.
Caſtor. How came *Harmatius* into *Zeno*'s power?
Urbit. The uſual way with Tyrants (treachery.)
Zeno moſt kindly welcom'd him to Court,
To entertain him there, prepar'd a Maſque;
Then Armed men, when *Zeno* gave the word,
Ruſh'd in, and put *Harmatius* to the Sword.
Caſtor. Souldiers to Arms, to Arms: with Sword and Fire
We will revenge our General, and hurl
Confuſion on the Tyrant Traitor's head.
Beat up the Drums, we'l march immediately.
Urbit. *Caſtor*, reſtrain revenge till we conſult,
For you muſt know, the Palace is ſecur'd,
The Guards are doubl'd, and the Town in Arms;
All the Nobility adhere to *Caſar*.
You know the great uncertainty of Warr:
And if we ſhould prevail! in ſtorming Towns,
Who can diſtinguiſh Friends, from Enemies?
Caſtor. Shall *Zeno* then eſcape our juſt revenge?
Urbit. No, but there's a readier way to do it.
We all know *Anaſtaſius*, for a Man
of Honor, Virtue, and undaunted Courage;
A Souldier of great Conduct, and much wealth;
If you will ſwear fidelity to him,
He'l ſhew us the opportuneſt time to move:

For

For by those Murderers he's fear'd, and hated.
He gladly will imbrace *Harmatius* cause,
With your defense; and pull those Tyrants down.
I to the Army bring this gold from him.
And if Heav'n prosper his, and your resolves,
Thus bravely to revenge *Harmatius* death;
He will reward your merit, to your wish.

Castor. We chuse brave *Anastasius* Emperor.
Souldiers. We chuse brave *Anastasius* Emperor.
Castor. With *Anastasius* will you live and die?
Souldiers. To *Anastasius* we will swear Allegiance.
Urbit. Farewel brave Sons of *Mars*, I'le now acquaint
Great *Anastasius*, our new Emperor,
With your Election, and fidelity. [*Exit* Urbitius.
Castor. Souldiers, now trail your Colours, and your pikes;
Let our Drums beat, as at a Funeral:
And let the Trumpets, like to Screech Owls, shreek.
Harmatius fall'n, the Wars have lost their pride;
And some must bleed, ere we be satisfi'd. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Pelagius.

Pelag. Why does my mind misgive me, to do well?
What fear is this recals, and pulls me back?
My soul assures me, my intent is good,
As great. Why tremble then? why thus dismaid?
My business is my Countries cause; and I
By Heav'n am chosen to this publick work;
And I will do it boldly, though I die!
Zeno by me shall know his cruelty.
[*The Kings Chappel opens.*
The Chappel opens. 'Tis a happy Omen:
No time is lost, when we implore Heaven's Aid.
Here I shall take new courage, raise my heart;
And cheerfully resign my self to Death:
To have *Longinus* glutted with my blood,
I shall not grudge it, for my Countries good.

[*He takes a little Crucifix from the Altar in his hand; and kneeling, falls into a Trance.*
[*Two Angels descend, with a Choire of Angels behind them singing thus.*

First Angel. *Great Champion of the Church, your prayers are heard,*
And for your head a glorious Crown's prepar'd:
Go on, fear not the rage of Tyrants words;
Nor tremble at the sight of naked Swords.

Second

Second Angel. *Let not your virtue doubt, Heav'n will aſſiſt:*
Thoſe minutes, that you looſe will not be miſt.
When you ſhall ſee the glory where you go;
You will rejoyce, that you were Murder'd ſo.

Chorus. *For now you will, as guilty, be drawn hence;*
And ſoon be ſlain, in ſpight of Innocence;
Then a Choire of Angels, ſhall to Heav'n bring
Your ſoul; and, as you do aſcend, Shall ſing,
Shall ſing, ſhall ſing, ſhall ſing, &c.

The Angels aſcended; Pelagius *continues in his Trance.*

Enter to him Longinus *and* Anaſtaſius.

Anaſt. Oh admirable Piety! Look Sir!
How proſtrate at the Altar he implores
Heav'n, for a bleſſing on us all!
Reſt has ſo ſeas'd upon his troubl'd ſoul,
He looks as pale as death, and ſcarce does breath.

Longi. You blockhead, go, and leave me to my thoughts. [*Exit* Anaſt.
The Beaſt is freely come into my Toyles.
Thou wretched lump of Earth, thou now ſhalt die.
Pray, weep, ſigh, and tire Heav'n with calling on't;
Uſe all thy Eloquence, here's none to help:
None from my hand can now deliver thee.
[*Draws his Dagger.*
Thou Inſtrument of my revenge, ſo oft
Drench'd in blood of Innocents; thy point
Muſt ſearch this Villains heart; and ſo eaſe mine.
[*He proffers to ſtab him, but holds.*
What trembling ſeaſes my undaunted ſoul?
[*He offers again, but ſtops.*
My troubl'd heart does ſhake, I know not why,
And doubts to do this little, petry ſin;
Like Children, who at firſt, bluſh to do ill:
But I, that ſince I ſuck'd my Mothers milk,
Have fed on Humane blood; to ſtartle now,
And have a Palſie in my hand, is baſe.
My Enemy ſhall not eſcape me ſo;
He muſt not live, that would not have me Reign.
[*Goes haſtily to ſtab him, and ſtumbles, and riſes quickly.*
You Damn'd Infernal powers, ſtrengthen my Arm,
Or you will looſe a Proſelyte of me:
Aſſiſt my force, or elſe my treachery.
The time, the place, his Trance does prompt me to't:

To teſtifie my guilt, here's none looks on,
Nor any to excuſe his Innocence.
Come, *Jupiter*, and Act in my deſign; [*He takes the Image*
Thou ſhalt conteſt with all the Powers Divine, *of* Jove *from his*
To make *Pelagius* guilty of the Treaſon *boſome, puts a*
Which dead *Harmatius* letter, here inclos'd *Letter in the*
Will charge upon him. I'le now call *Zeno*. *Image.*
[*He takes away the Crucifix, and puts the Image in* Pelagius *hand.*

Enter Zeno, Sebaſtianus, *and* Anaſtaſius *with a Guard, they meet* Longinus *going out.*

Longi. *Ceſar*, come this way. Look, my Lords, pray look,
How proſtrate he does worſhip mighty *Jove!*
Zeno. Can he adore a rotten Image thus?
Sebaſt. Is this the grand deſign of that grave face?
Anaſt. Heav'n! Do I dream, or ſee this impious man?
Pelagius, *Pelagius*, wake, and riſe.
[Pelagius *anſwers in his Trance.*
Pelag. Mercy, oh mercy on this ſhaken Empire!
Pitty us; let not thy juſt Thunder fall.
Zeno. What, do you ſo much fear the Thunderer?
Now we ſee, why our Empire is ſo plagu'd;
This cloſe Idolater does worſhip *Jove*.
Pelag. Reſtrain the fury of theſe cruel Brothers.
Longi. You hear what prayers he makes, and yet he lives!
Sebaſt. Why does he thus long breath infectious Air?
Zeno. The only happy, and Religious Man!
The pattern of all Piety, and Prudence;
The Idol of the Court; ſcourge of the Times!
Try, Souldiers, to wake this zealous Saint;
That we may hear ſome news from *Jupiter*.
[*The Souldiers wake him.*
Pelag. Who diſturbs this my bleſt ecſtaſie?
— How's this? What horrid treachery is here?
What Villain has bereav'd me of my God,
And put this curſed Idol in my hand? [*Throws it down*
Oh! are You here? then my wonder's over. *and kicks it.*
Zeno. Thou Heathen, we have now diſcover'd thee,
Who, under the pretenſe of greateſt zeal,
Adores in private a falſe Deity.
Pelag. I hate alike, this wickedneſs and thee:
Nor at your Plot upon me do I tremble,
Though I am ſubject to your Tyranny:
My ſoul's ſo ſtrongly arm'd with Innocence,
That I can ſmile, when you do threaten moſt.

Zeno. Souldiers, take him into your custody.
This Confidence will not outface your Guilt.
The greatest Malefactors often do,
When their known Crime's discover'd, talk like you.
Pelag. Lay not rude hands on me, who boldly dare [*The Guard hold*
Appear, wherever you dare carry me. *him.*
All I desire, is but a Legal Trial;
That Heav'n and Earth may judge of my Defence,
And see your Cheat upon my Innocence.
Though I despise to live, I would not die
Under the scandal of such Infamie.
Zeno. You shall be tri'd by Law, as you desire.
Longin. What's here? [Longinus *finds the Letter in the Image.*
Harmatius to Pelagius. [*Reads.*
Treason plotted against *Cesar*'s Life!
Know'st thou *Harmatius* his hand? Speak, Traytor.
Pelag. Thou Traytor, know'st thou thy own Treachery?
Longi. *Sebastian*, put Guards upon the Villain;
And let the Souldiers be in Arms all night.
Lead him off. [*Exeunt Soldiers with* Pelagius.
Zeno. This is well.
Longi. As could be wish'd.
Zeno. *Longinus*, you shall Reign, let Envy burst.
Longi. Unless he suddenly be put to death,
The People may soon rise, and rescue him:
He's their Favourite, and his Faction strong.
Hasten his Trial with what speed you can,
And let his Judges be our choicest Friends.
Zeno. Your Reason, and your Caution, I approve,

Enter to them Urbitius *from the Camp.*

Urbitius, how go our Affairs abroad?
Urbit. Your Gold has charm'd the Souldiers hands, and hearts;
They wish you an eternal happiness:
They have forgot *Harmatius*, and desire
To spend the Remnant of their Lives in Peace.
Some Troops of their best Horse and Foot, well arm'd,
Are at the Port, and humbly do beg leave
To Exercise before your Majesty,
At your Brother's Feast, and Coronation.
Zeno. Bring you 'um in, to solemnize our Feast:
And they shall be as welcom as they wish.
Urbitius, I have Favors for thee here.
So soon as this Days Solemnity is past,
Thou shalt my Love, and Bounty, amply taste. [*All go off but*
Longi. Fortune, thou art my Saint; Thee I adore! Longinus.
Upon thy Change my Happiness depends.

Awake my Heart, and be not sluggish now:
'Tis Fortune that directs this time to strike
Pelagius down, that he may rise no more,
To question my Election to the Crown.
My Brother's slow in this Affair of State;
I would not have his Justice come too late. [*Exit.*

Enter Zeno *and his Doctor.*

Zeno. How dar'st thou disappoint my hopes thus long?
Doctor. The ling'ring Poyson was by your command
You told me it must have some Days to work,
That no suspicion might arise on you.
I could have soon prepar'd a little Dose,
That instantly would have dispatch'd her Life:
But then, Physicians would have plainly seen
Ill Symptomes on the Body of the Queen.
Zeno. Well, you have done the right. How does it work?
Doctor. As you and I could wish: She languishes,
Her Vital Parts decay; and, undiscern'd,
Her Soul, within few days, will slide away.
Zeno. Few days! I cannot stay so long. This night
It must be done; I have great reasons for't.
Therefore prepare your quickest working Dram.
She long enough has linger'd; ease her now,
In pitty, from her pain, which troubles me.
Go, see her dead, or never see me more.
Doctor. That were a Curse. [*Exit Doctor.*
Zeno. I'm now for my coy Mistris.
What words, what looks, will suit with her sad heart,
And my known guilt? I must now visit her,
Though her great Fathers bloody Ghost stood by,
To threaten Vengeance for my Cruelty.

He goes to her Chamber, and finds her with a Dagger in her Hand: He proffers to kiss her Hand.

Eirene. Touch me not, Monster: Though I am thy Slave,
Thou shalt not send me sullied to my Grave.
Here is my Refuge, this is my Defense,
To guard my Honour from thy Insolence.
Zeno. What Force, what Insolence appears in me?
If Love encourag'd me to kiss your hand,
Is that a Crime you so much startle at?
Eirene. My Father, and my Brother, slain by thee;
What can I hope for, at thy bloody hand?
Zeno. Shall all the Blood, by mad *Longinus* shed,
Be call'd my Crime? be charg'd upon my head?

Heav'n

Heav'n can atteſt, how much againſt my will
Your noble Father, and your Brother fell.

Eirene. How's this! were not you Author of their Deaths?

Zeno. *Longinus*, jealous of my love to you,
Doubted I would your Brother reinthrone;
And, by your Fathers power, would caſt him down.
From hence this miſchief grew; and that black deed
Will ne're be cancel'd, till *Longinus* bleed.
And if *Eirene* pleaſe, I'le yet prevent
Longinus, from aſcending on the Throne,
And bring him to the Barr; where you ſhall Judge.

Eirene. No, Sir, let Heav'n his puniſhment Decree,
That can beſt judge his guilt. My miſeries
Are grown ſo great, they'l not permit my eyes
To look upon ſo foul a Sacrifice.

Zeno. How then, ſhall my unſported heart appear?
How be acquitted, if you be not there?

Eirene. When his guilt's ſeen, your innocence will ſhine;
And if you ſpare not him; (ſo near alli'd;)
'Twill undeceive me, and my doubts decide.
But, Sir, the Empreſs is ſo very ill,
That I was ſent for twice, ere you came in:
I begg your leave, that I may wait on her. [*Exit* Eirene.

Zeno. How glad am I ſhe's gone; her Innocence
Out-witted all my ſtudi'd Eloquence;
And gave no credit to the lie I made.
But yet *Longinus* may (when he is Crown'd)
Own this black fact, and cleer me of the guilt.
And if this ſatisfie *Eirene's* rage,
I may by other arts her heart ingage.
---- But ſtay, *Longinus* has a ſubtle head,
To ſearch into the myſteries of State;
And muſt not raſhly be ingag'd this way:
I dare not teach him how to diſobey.
My Love, and my deſigns together grow:
But which to cheriſh moſt, is hard to know.
This is a dangerous Amphibious growth:
In ſtead of gaining, I may looſe them both.
Love is the Childe of fanſie, and of hope;
Remove the cauſe, and the effect will ceaſe;
If ſhe deny but once again! She dies:
Better ſhe mine, than I her Sacrifice. [*Exit* Zeno.

The Fifth Act.

Enter Zeno, Longinus, Sebastian, Urbicius, Proclus, Phylargus, *who sit as a Court of Justice: five Youths, and Souldiers stand off.*

Zeno. MY Lords, I have appointed you this day
For Judges, in a Cause of high concern;
To assist Heav'n, and justifie our Faith,
Which droops, and staggers, through vile practices
Of wicked men; who in contempt of God,
Do worship *Jupiter*, here in our Court.
If we let such Impiety escape,
We must expect Heav'ns Judgments on our heads.
Bring forth the guilty pris'ner, to the Bar.
—— *Sebastian*, you shall be our Substitute.

[Zeno *gives his place to* Sebastian.

[Pelagius *is brought in.*

Sebast. If hearts, and faces, ever did agree,
I should quit *Pelagius*; but I must Judge by proofs.
Come on, young Men, what is't you testifie?

1st. *Youth.* I saw him worship *Jove*, this I depose.

2d. *Youth.* He did adore *Jupiter* in my sight.

3d. *Youth.* I swear he did.

4th. *Youth.* And so do I swear too.

Pelag. Is all your proof a company of Boys?

Proclus. I saw him prostrate before this Image.

Phylar. Which I attest.

Hortens. And I.

Longi. Eight witnesses,
Saw his Idolatry, and prove the Fact.

Zeno. The Idol had a Letter in't. Read that;
Which, with his other crime, will prove the Treason.

[Proclus *reads the Letter aloud.*

Proclus reads. Harmatius *to* Pelagius.

To what a sad condition the Empire is reduced, I understand by yours. What would you know more? Tyrants are at the Helm: I am almost orewhelm'd with grief: my Family is utterly disgrac'd: and I my self cannot be safe, but by the Death of those that thus oppress us. When you hear the

the Trumpet sound, you will have a Leader. You know the rest. In the mean time, look well about you.
Farewel.

The Ides of August: *from the Camp, in the Suburbs.*

Longi. Thou hater of our God, doest thou hear this?
What sayst thou Villain? Shall the Trumpet sound?
Or shall *Longinus* Reign? that dreadful Comet!
Alas, what defolations will he make?
Oh thou infection of the Air! is this,
What your grave face did agitate so long?
Is this your ridged superciliousness?
Your Heav'nly looks? O thou dissembling wretch!
At length thy holy Cheats are come to light;
And thou, detected for these crimes, shalt die.

Pelag. I do believe it has been long design'd;
And 'tis no wonder, when two Tyrants Reign;
Who forge a guilt, and then condemn me for't.
I am accus'd to worship *Jupiter*;
This ugly Idol, which I trample on. [*He takes it, and*
My honest, and religious life, declares *treads on it.*
My Faith unto one only Deity;
Who, by his Word, did Heav'n and Earth Create.

Sebast. Heathens have been good men, as well as you.

Pelag. I do serve Him, who can judge us by our hearts:
That God will manifest my truth, and faith.

Sebast. How will he do it? by a Miracle!

Pelag. Yes, by this Image; read, what proof it makes.

[*He takes up the Idol, and gives it to* Proclus, *who reads the Inscription aloud.*

Proclus. *This for* Longinus, *was by* Lawsus *grav'd.*
[Longinus *draws at* Proclus.

Longi. What falshood there dost thou pretend to read?

Proclus. I read, but what th'Ingraver has here writ.

Longi. Thou liest.

Proclus. Judge by the Character, I'le sit no more. [*Exit* Proclus.

Zeno. Stay *Proclus*.

Longi. Let him go.

Pelag. *Cæsar*, the workman ought to be produc'd.

Longi. Souldier, immediately bring *Lawsus* hither.

Phylar. 'Tis said, that he was poyson'd yesterday,
But not yet known by whom 'twas done.

Zeno. By whom, but by *Pelagius*; can it be?
This subtlety must not our Justice sway:
He hop'd by this to hide his first great crime.
My Lords, what think you? Is *Pelagius* guilty?

All. He's guilty of Idolatry, and Treason.

Zeno. Then take him off; carry him to the Block.
Pelag. Virtue and Truth are over-reach'd by Fraud:
Longinus will this Treachery applaud;
That when my blood is ſpilt, he may aſcend
The Throne, and put the bloody purple on.
But, Princes, you that laugh men to their graves,
The God you ſcorn, and daily thus provoke,
Will ſoon reward you with Eternal flames.
Zeno. Stop his railing tongue, we will hear no more.
Longi. His ſoul, now ſtruck with fear, trembles at death,
And ſhakes his tongue, to talk diſtractedly.
Come, Brother, let us go: the Royal Robes
Are ready, and the Ceremony ſtays.
Pelag. Thou art miſtaken, miſerable wretch:
I deſpiſe death, and can laugh thee to ſcorn,
Who triumph'ſt in the vanity of hopes,
And dreamſt of glories thou ſhalt never reach:
For thou ſhalt never be an Emperor.
And *Zeno* ſhall unſettle, by my death,
This Empire, which he governs now in Peace.
Longi. He vomits plagues from Hell, ere he comes thither.
Zeno. Lead him off to Execution.
Longi. We looſe time. [*Exeunt.*

[*All go off but* Pelagius, *and Guards, with an Officer, the Scene opens, and a Scaffold is ſeen; they lead* Pelagius *up.*

Officer. Come, Sir, 'tis time you ſhould be on the Scaffold,
Pelag. 'Tis what I wiſh for; Oh accurſed Times!
When Piety, and Truth, are counted Crimes!
Officer. Diſpatch: we have no time for Homilies.
Pelag. Indeed ſuch time would be miſpent on you.
[*He puts up a falſe head, which is cut off.*

The Scene is ſhut, enter an Officer, a Souldier meets him with Pelagius *head cover'd.*

Officer. Whither in ſuch haſte? What haſt thou hid there?
Sould. I am conducting this head to Council.
Officer. Do heads conſult after they are cut off?
Sould. Yes, the reſt of his Cabal attend him.
Officer. But where, I pray, does this great Council meet?
Sould. *Zeno* has appointed them the high Tower
Upon the *Weſtern* wall; thence to ſurvey
The Country, which their wiſdoms thought to ſway. [*Exit Sould.*
Officer. Theſe are horrid Jeſts! wickedneſs ſo great!
I tremble at, what they do make their mirth.
Each day does ſome new cruelty produce,
Barbarity makes cuſtom, and excuſe. [*Exit Officer.*

[*Here*

[*Here paſſes o're the Stage, by two and two, ſeveral Mourners, Men and Women ſadly weeping; to take up ſome time, before the next Scene, which elſe would follow too ſoon after the laſt.* Pelagius *body is carryed, and his ſon* Eraſtus *chief Mourner.*

The Funeral gone, Enter Zeno, Longinus, Sebaſtian, Anaſtaſius, *and* Urbitius.

The Scene changes, and there appears on poles, upon the Town wall, the Heads of Harmatius, Baſiliſcus, Pelagius, Gazeus, *and the Eight Captains.*

Sebaſt. Are not thoſe heads well plac'd upon the walls?
Look, what a pompous, diſmal ſhew they make:
Had but *Harmatius* head a Crown upon't,
It would, now in that poſture, aw the World.
Zeno. This gaſtly ſpectacle delights me much.
Longi. Your eyes are not more highly pleas'd, than mine.
Zeno. This is a joyful Coronation day.
Longi. Now theſe are dumb, who dares deny the Crown,
Which *Cæſar* on his Brother has beſtow'd?
Zeno. Let them frown now, and threaten us from thence.
Longi. Do, thunder out your Judgments, and inſult;
Defie your Princes, bid them be diſcreet,
When your great Wiſdoms next in Council meet.
Luſt, and Ambition reliſh well, but ſtill
Give me Revenge on all that croſs my will.

[Zeno *walks proudly on the Stage, looking on the Heads.*

Longi. So walks the Royal Lion, when in's rage
He has chaſtiz'd his Rebellious Vaſſals.
Ha! Thoſe heads are not fix'd upon the walls:
Pelagius nodded at me.
Sebaſt. 'Twas your fancy:
Your Joy does work too much on your ſucceſs.
Longi. Thou tel'ſt me true: My Joyes do ſwell too much.
My eyes could dwell upon *Pelagius* head.
For though his blood have ſatisfi'd my Rage;
It cannot yet my Anger diſingage.
So does the valiant Cock triumph, and crow
O're the dead carcaſs of his conquer'd Foe.
Anaſt. aſide. So baſeſt Cowards bragg, and boldly boaſt;
When Enemies are ſlain, at others coſt.

Zeno. 'Twas of great use, that I consulted Hell;
Which caus'd me make so many Funerals.
Had not my Sword been glutted with their blood,
Where those Heads stand, mine might have stood.
Come in, my Lords, this shall be Holiday,
My Brothers happy Coronation feast,
On which, we'l Revel out the Day, and Night.
Noble *Sebastian*, you shall be my Guest;
And, *Anastasius*, you shall fill me Wine,
And be my Ganymede, while this Feast lasts.
Anast. A very high preferment, as it proves.
Zeno. And, *Urbitius*, to morrow you shall be
The Captain of our Guard. This night we'l Revel.
Let not a serious thought divert our hearts
From those high jollities! we have prepar'd.
With Songs, with Masques, with Banquets, and with Wine
This Night in Glory shall the Sun out-shine. [*Exeunt.*

[*All go off but* Anastasius, *and* Urbitius.

Anast. Do you prepare the Souldiers for their shew.
Mean while, with richest Wine, I'le fill his Bowl:
Which shall be done so often, and so full,
His soul may swim to Paradise in Wine.
Be sure you get the Troops in readiness.
Urbit. Where must we attend?
Anast. Under the Palace wall. [*Exit* Anastasius.
Urbit. So may the Destiny of Tyrants run,
No dangers ere foresee, nor power to shun
The Judgement for their crimes, by Heav'n sent;
Though by the worst, and meanest Instrument.

[*The Scene Changes.*

[*Here the Souldiers appear.*

I see the Souldiers are already come.
Sould. Stand, give the word.
Urbit. Punishment.
Sould. On the Wicked.
Urbit. Welcome brave Souldiers, all is ready now;
This Feasting time, our Post is order'd here:
Here we must fix, till *Anastasius* come.
Then call to mind, how great *Harmatius* fell,
And then, send all his Murderers to Hell.
Hark! the Trumpets sound unto the Banquet.
Make ready, and stand close, till I, return.

[*The Scene Changes.*

[*He places the Souldiers, then Exit.*

Enter

Enter Zeno, Longinus, Sebastianus, *as at a Banquet, drinking.*

Zeno. Brother, I drink a Kingdom to you here;
Longi. Long life, and health attend the Emperor.
Here's my Brothers health to you, *Sebastian.*
Sebast. Health, and highest happiness to *Cæsar.* [*Here Bacchus is Drawn in a Chariot by Alexander and Antony.*
Sebast. See, *Bacchus* triumphs over Conquerors,
And looks as big as if he did disdain
Those Emperors, who now adorn his Train.
Zeno. Give me a full bowl: This *Falernian* Wine,
Than drunken *Bacchus* self, is more Divine.
Longi. Lets drink, till we become his Captives too,
And draw with *Antony*, and *Alexander.*
Zeno. Fill, *Anastasius*, let the cups go round:
Thou hast a sober face, so grave and wise,
As if thou did'st our jollities despise,
And mighty *Bacchus* powerful charms contemn.
Anast. What Mortal will contend? or who dares try
Great *Bacchus* force, after this Victory?

BACCHUS *his* SONG.

The Gods this noble Liquor made,
Mens melancholy hearts to aid,
To make you frolick, and set free
Them cares and fears Captivity.
We, who with Liquid weapons fight,
T' imbrace, and hug, is our delight.

When I the strongest do subdue,
Fresh cups, our friendship does renew.
Ere we depart, the Victor still
Submits unto the Captives will;
And a new Battle by consent
Appointed is, in complement.

Chorus.

This Liquor of life invites us to sing,
This cheers the heart of the Begger, and King.
Then toss off your Bowls, and merrily talk;
How Bacchus his slaves do Monarchs excel.

Enter the Patriarch.

Patri. Princes, what mean theſe tumults in the ſtreets?
Is this a time for Mirth, and Revelling?
Zeno. Why ſuffer you this fool to trouble us?
Remove his peeviſh age, from our contempt.
Longi. Go, Souldiers, take that doting Coxcomb hence.
Your time will not be long after this Feaſt.
Zeno. Stay, give the prating Prieſt a Bowl of Wine;
And make him one of our Society:
This health, is to your rev'rend baldneſs: [*Drinks.*
Sit down, old fellow, drink it off at once.
Here's none will tell of thy good fellowſhip.
Patri. *Caſar* will ſoon repent this mockery. [*Exit.*

[*Here ſeven Blackamore Boys, in* Turkiſh *or* Moriſco *habits, dance.*

Zeno. *Pluto*'s black Boys have prettily perform'd—
Longi. Theſe Devils dance like Angels to my eye.

Enter young Baſiliſcus *his Ghoſt.*

Ghoſt. Heav'n! and Earth!
Can thoſe that Murder'd us, Revel, and Feaſt?
Zeno. What ſhrill voice is that, which ſtrikes through my ears?
Ghoſt. 'Tis *Baſiliſcus*, come to viſit thee.
Zeno. Thou'rt come to fetch a mouthful of freſh Air;
Draw near, you're very welcome, pretty youth.
Set him a Chair, and fill him a full Bowl,
To cheer his heart, and colour his pale cheeks:
Such handſome Ghoſts may prove good Company.
Sebaſt. To whom does *Caſar* ſpeak? this Wine's too ſtrong.
Baſiliſ. *Caſar*, thy time is ſhort: Prepare to die. [*Speak angry.*
Zeno. Why angry? thou haſt no cauſe to threaten.
I ſent thee from the troubles of this world;
To rowl on Roſes, in the Elyſian fields:
Where Innocence is treated with delights.
We, who in blood, for Monarchies on Earth,
So fiercely do (by wongs) for right conteſt,
May well expect to ſmart, when we expire.
Thy Fathers crimes, and mine, may ſo contend
For the Supreme Command; when I deſcend:
But thou, ſweet Boy, haſt no juſt cauſe to frown,
Freed from the Evils that attend this Crown.

Basilis. Do not my looks yet terrifie thy soul?
Zeno. Such terrors are remov'd by a full bowl. [*Drinks.*
So, now say on, I am prepar'd to hear
The worst thou canst denounce, and scorn to fear.
Give me another Bowl: Thus doubly arm'd, [*Takes a bowl in his hand.*
What news from Hell? how fares *Harmatius?*
Does he command? and govern as he lists?
Shall we be Princes? or his Vassals there?
Speak, Boy, and pledge this health; here's to thy Father
And his thin Subjects. He deserves to be
Prince of Shadows, that let us out-wit him. [*Drinks.*

[*As he Drinks,* Harmatius *Ghost appears before him.*

Ghost. Do, do, drink deep, for thou shalt drink no more;
Look here, here! thou Tyrant, look, and tremble.

[Zeno *shakes and trembles, rises, and lets fall his Bowl.*

Zeno. Horror!
Longi. What means this Aguish extasie?
Zeno. Do you not see him? how he stares, and frowns!
Longi. Sir, I see nothing: Can your shadow fright you?
Zeno. *Longinus*, 'tis a gastly shadow! that!
The voice, that bold *Harmatius* thunder'd with! [*The Ghosts*
Sebast. His head's disturb'd with Wine, and now creates *vanish.*
Ideas of those shapes his heart abhors.
Longi. Come let us drink, and let the Maskque go on.

[Zeno *sits again drowsie, while the Satyres dance, the Imperial Crown and Robes are brought in for* Longinus *Coronation, and placed on a Table.*

Anast. *Cæsar* now minds me not, and my design
Calls me away to fetch the Army in:
And try if Heav'n approve of my intent,
In Crowning this great work by th'event. [*Exit* Anastasius.

[*The Satyres dance again: that done, a Souldier comes in haste.*

Sould. *Harmatius* Souldiers have broke down the Gates,
Your Guards are beaten, and the Palace wone;
Fly, Princes, fly, All is in confusion.

Longi. Oh desperate! Brother, fly.
Zeno. No Brother no, 'tis fitter now to Die.

[*They draw and go out.*

[*A Charge sounded.*

Enter Anastasius, Castor, Urbitius, Proclus, *with Souldiers their Swords drawn.*

Anast. This was a quick, and easie Victory.
Let each man take a several way to find
The Tyrants: else, our work is but half done.

[*Exeunt severally.*

Zeno *enters beating off the Guards, and follows them.*

Enter Longinus, *his Sword drawn and he bloody.*

Longi. The Gates are so secur'd, I cannot pass.
Bold *Sebastian* is slain in the attempt.
Pelagius, now I find thou wert a Prophet.
I am persu'd and have no way to scape.
What is become of *Zeno?* I know not.

Anastasius *comes in.*

Anast. Turn this way Monster, 'tis the Screech Owl calls;
The Blockhead, you contemn, brings now thy fate.
Longi. Th'art a brave Enemy, singly thus
To hazard, what thou hast so surely gain'd.

[*They fight,* Longinus *is slain, falls, is carryed off.*

Enter Officers, and Souldiers, with Urbitius *wounded, and* Zeno *Prisoner.*

Urbis. The Heav'ns do fight for *Anastasius*:
Let *Anastasius* be our Emperor.
All. Let *Anastasius* be our Emperor.
Anast. *Castor*, to you, for great *Harmatius* sake,
I do commit that blood-shedder, take him,
And when he sleeps convey him to the Vault,
Where all the men he murd'red, are inter'd;
And while he sleeps, there cain him to the ground,
That when he wakes, the terror of his Deeds,
May some remorse beget, and make him pray.

[*They carry* Zeno *out.*

Urbit. Great Prince; when I am dead, remember me;
And know, there be two kinds of Tyranny:
To do injuſtice, when 'tis underſtood,
Is the next Tyranny to ſhedding blood.
I am now paid, for my preſumptuous guils;
And find, that Criminals unjuſtly brought
To Judgment; though by the ſame arts they riſe,
Is not by Heav'n approv'd: and therefore I,
For doing good by evil wayes, muſt die.
And thus too late I find, None may contend
With Princes, but the God whom they offend. [*Dies.*

Anaſt. He had good principles, but ill imploy'd:
Though I have partly proſper'd by his Arts,
I do not in my heart approve ſuch frauds.

[*They put the Robes and Crown, brought for Longinus, on Anaſtaſius.*

Caſtor. This Crown, and Robes, will fit our Emperor.
All. Let *Anaſtaſius* Rule the Univerſe.
Anaſt. My thanks to *Caſtor*, and to all the reſt.
Since Heav'n has our Proceedings thus far bleſt;
'Tis fit we ſee that wicked man interr'd
Alive, as his own Aſtrologer foretold:
That Ceremony done; the next will be,
To ſet the Empreſs, and *Eirene* free.

[*The Souldiers carry off Zeno drunk, and aſleep; Anaſtaſius and the reſt follow.* [*Exeunt.*

[*The Empreſs Chamber is ſeen, in it the Empreſs, and* Eirene.

Empreſs. 'Tis ſtrange, we hear no more of this Alarm.
Eirene. This tumult in the Campe makes *Zeno* fret,
And ſtout *Longinus* tread unſteedy ſteps.
Empreſs. We are now driven to great Exigents:
Yet 'tis much better to die Innocent,
Than live by wicked, and foul practices,
I doubt by condeſcending to thoſe Lords,
I have done ill, when I did them ſupply;
Who gave their words, that *Zeno* ſhould not die.
Eirene. Madam, could you do better, than to lend
Your treaſure, which thoſe Lords diſtributed
To th'Army, to preſerve us and the Empire?
But if that *Zeno* in his cruelty,
Shall ſtill perſiſt, what would you have them do?

Empress. I would not save my own life by his death.
I am much readier to die, than he.

Eirene. Nor can my heart consent to shedding blood,
Though my own life in competition stood;
But when I know that *Zeno* has design'd
By force to take, what else he cannot gain;
I must prevent, lest he my honor stain:
And hope your Majesty will give me leave,
That I this great Impostor may deceive.
What hope for me, what surety can remain,
After my Father, and my Brother slain?

Empress. I must confess, when I consider well,
How great *Harmatius*, and your Brother fell;
The various stories which each party makes
Of that sad night, look like a dismal guilt
On both sides (yet their blood was justly spilt.)
If *Zeno* were assur'd of their intent;
He, by their ruins, did his own prevent.

Eirene. In the first Faction was the crime;
To share the Empire was my Brothers right;
And *Zeno*, when he did depose the youth,
First taught the Treason, and discourag'd truth.
So that, if we will raise our own Concerns
Upon the fate of those who stand, or fall;
We must take time, to see the end of all.
And then, as Heaven can better judge than we;
Let us observe, and yield to that Decree.

Empress. *Eirene*, thou art happy, and art blest
With virtue, and with judgment 'bove the rest
Of our weak Sex; and art, no doubt, the Care
Of Heav'n, which will secure thee from disgrace,
And, for thy sake, preserve this wicked place.

Eirene. Madam, if I have ought, wherein to boast,
It came from you; and if I be not lost
In this confusion; unto your virtues,
I owe my preservation, and success:
For those, whom you take care of, Heav'n will bless.

Enter to them Anastasius *Crown'd, and his Train.*

Anast. Madam, by *Zeno's*, and *Longinus* deaths,
This Crown, plac'd by the Army on my head, [*Takes his Crown,*
Is yours, and I, as much your Vassal now, *and offers it*
As heretofore; with these, who ready stand *to her.*
To obey, what our Empress will command.

Empr. weeps. No, *Anastasius*, all my thoughts of State
Are vanish'd, all involv'd in *Zeno's* fate;
But if your words do with your hearts agree,

I shall

I ſhall believe this Crown belongs to me. [*She takes the*
And as my gift, this and *Eirene* take; *Crown.*
Who did refuſe, this glory, for my ſake:
When *Zeno* us'd his power, and art to ſtain
Her honor, which his Empire could not gain.

Anaſt. Madam, this mighty gift would weigh me down;
Unleſs *Eirene* did ſupport the Crown. [*He receives the Crown*

Eirene. My joys for *Anaſtaſius* are too great. *and* Eirene.

Empreſs. May you be bleſt, and happy in your love;
While I to a retired life remove.
I have too much of this World's glory ſeen;
And too long been a chief Actor in it.

Anaſt. Madam, this Crown, and the Imperial Throne,
Is by your gift mine, and is ſtill your own.

[*All go off.*

The Scene is chang'd into a diſmal Vault, ſet round with Coffins, in each a dead corps; in the remote part, a ſmall Lamp burning: in the front, next the Stage, is Zeno *ſleeping his leggs chain'd to the ground: at one corner on the outſide a Guard ſtands.* Zeno *wakes.*

Zeno. Is't not yet day? This night ſeems very long:
That little Lamp does give ſo faint a Light,
I cannot well diſtinguiſh what I ſee.
Longinus, *Proclus*, do none give attendance?
Is *Caſar*, by his Servants, no more fear'd?
Ha! where am I? in Fetters, and alone;
Either I Dream, or I do dimly ſee
A diſmal Vault, ſurrounded with dead Corps.
Euphemian, thy Prediction is too true.
Would I had ſtab'd my ſelf, when I ſlew thee.
This is the Tomb, he fatally foretold,
I ſhould alive be buried in. Horror
Dazels my eyes, or elſe, among the dead,
I ſee *Longinus* in that next Coffin:
He's buried too, but not alive, like me.
How I came hither, is beyond my gueſs.
What, ho! who guards this priſon of the Dead?

1 *Sould.* They need no guards, we only wait on you.

Zeno. Then give me drink, to quench my raging thirſt.

2 *Sould.* So we may keep you company in chains.

Zeno. By whoſe command do you ſtarve me to death?

1 *Sould.* By th'Emperors command, He ſent you hither.

Zeno. What, have you any Emperor but *Zeno*?

2 *Sould.* Yes, *Anaſtaſius* Reigns, you are in your grave.

Zeno. Can theſe Changes be ſince yeſterday?

And by him, I leaſt fear'd, of all mankind.
—When died my Empreſs?

1 *Sould.* Sir, ſhe is very well.

Zeno. The Doctor ſaid, ſhe would die yeſterday.

2 *Sould.* No, *Ceſar*, no; you were out-witted there:
To her the Doctor was more mercifull.

Zeno. And in theſe changes, what's *Eirene*'s fate?

1 *Sould.* She Reigns with *Anaſtaſius*.

Zeno. Curſe on Curſe
Light on them both; Does he injoy *Eirene?*
To be deſpis'd, and laugh'd at in my Grave
Is worſe than Death: and to be thus Dethron'd,
Tortures me more, than Hell it ſelf can do.
---- Were not you, Souldiers, of my Guard?

2 *Sould.* We were.

Zeno. I'le make you Princes, if you'l let me out?

1 *Sould.* We dare not truſt your Promiſe, nor your Power:
We remember how you ſerv'd *Harmatius*,
And his young Son, who ſet you on the Throne.

Zeno. You reproach me juſtly, I was miſled:
Longinus has deſtroy'd himſelf and me.
Good Souldiers, be ſo kind to Murder me,

2 *Sould.* We ſhall then forfeit our Allegeance;

Zeno. How durſt you break the Oath you made to me?

1 *Sould.* So long as you were Emperor, we were Loyal.

Zeno. If Heav'n and Hell would let me Reign again,
I would not govern, as I did before
With Childiſh mercy, to ſpare any Man.
Princes, whoſe Pleaſure is their Law,
Muſt let none live, who dares diſpute their Will.
Had *Anaſtaſius*, and *Urbitius* died,
Caſtor, and *Proclus*, had not now Rebell'd:
Had the old *Patriarck*, and *Eirene* bled,
I had Reign'd long, and not been thus deſtroy'd
By thoſe, whom I, through love, and pitty ſpar'd.

2 *Sould.* You ſhould conſider, where you are going.

Zeno. Canſt thou direct me, whither I muſt go?

1 *Sould.* Sir, I can wiſh, that you would try to pray.

Zeno. For what?

2 *Sould.* Your ſoul,

Zeno. My ſoul! prithee what is that?

2 *Sould.* 'Tis not our Trade to Preach.

Zeno. Nor mine to Pray.
Heav'ns gate is ſhut 'gainſt all that I can ſay.
----You will not kill me then? nor let me out?

1 *Sould.* No, we dare not.

Zeno. To fall from all the Glories of the Earth
Is ſad; but to be buried quick, to ſtarve,

And in this horrid Vault to linger on;
Here to indure the terrors, which my Crimes
Do now present to my affrighted Soul,
Is Hell it self, or worse than Hell can be.
Oh! that the world might sink with its own weight!
Death, where art thou? I will stay no longer,
But boldly charge thee, and out-face thee thus.

[Zeno *thrusts his Mantle into his mouth, and choaks himself,*

Enter the first Ghost, dress as at first.

Ghost. So, so; now my Prediction is fulfil'd,
And all those Monarch killers, are now kild.
I shall descend in Peace, and there remain;
Unless you wish to see me here again, [*Turns to the Pit.*
To shew the World, how Vengeance does persue
Those, who their hands in Princes blood imbrew.

FINIS.